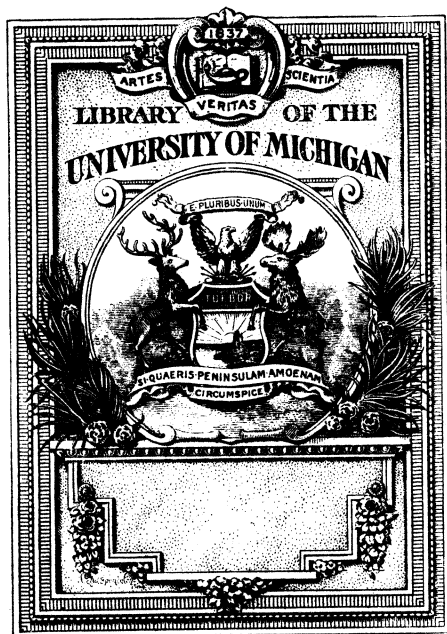

The
Bankside
Shakespeare

E

VOL. XVIII.



THE COMEDIES, HISTORIES,
AND TRAGEDIES OF MR. WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

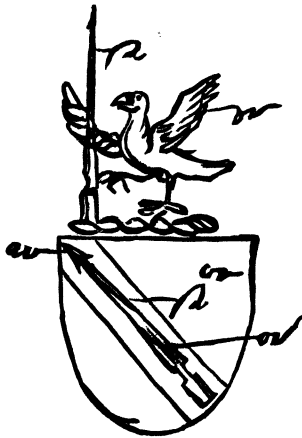
As presented at the Globe and Blackfriars
Theatres, circa 1591-1623

40411

*Being the text furnished the Players, in parallel
pages with the first revised folio text,
with Critical Introductions*

The Bankside Shakespeare

EDITED BY APPLETON MORGAN



NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
BRENTANOS
PARIS.....NEW YORK.....CHICAGO

PK
2753
MSA
1888
Vol. 18

The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
Printed by H. O. Houghton & Company.

The Bankside Shakespeare

XVIII.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN



*(The Players' Text of The Troublesome Raigne,
&c., of 1591, with the Heminges and
Condell Text of the King
John of 1623)*

With an Introduction touching the Adap-
tations of the Quarto into
the Folio

BY

APPLETON MORGAN, A. M., LL. B. (COLUMBIA)

*President of the New York Shakespeare Society; author of
"Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism;" "Venus
and Adonis, A Study in Warwickshire Dia-
lect;" "The Shakespearean Myth;"
"Digesta Shakespeareana;"
etc.*

NEW YORK
THE SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF NEW YORK
1892



INTRODUCTION

I.

OF the thirty Plays,¹ which have been at divers periods and times attributed to Shakespeare, all, or almost all, have now been traced, by their title-pages or through their first publishers, or by means of long since discredited critics, to their sources, and so the figment of their Shakespearean origin finally and circumstantially disposed of. One might indeed say of them all — except perhaps of parts of the *Edward III.*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, the present play, the “Contention” and the “True Tragedie” — that they are not “doubtful,” so far as a Shakespearean authorship may be suggested, in the least.

¹ I make these thirty to be as follows : —

The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England.	The Double Falsehood.
The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth.	The Second Maiden's Tragedy.
The Contention between the Famous Houses of York and Lancaster.	A Warning for Fair Women.
The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York.	Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cob-ham.
The Arraignment of Paris.	Fair Em, the Miller's Daughter.
The Merry Devil of Edmonton.	Duke Humphrey.
The London Prodigal.	Lochrine.
The Puritan, or the Widow of Watling Street.	Arden of Feversham.
The History of King Stephen.	Mucedorus.
The Life and Death of the Lord Cromwell.	King Edward the Third.
The Two Noble Kinsmen.	A Yorkshire Tragedy.
The Birth of Merlin.	Eurialus and Lucretia.
The History of Cardenio.	George à Greene.
	Iphis and Ianthè.
	Henry the First and Henry the Second.
	Lorrino.
	Oldrastes.

No consensus of casual readers assigns them to Shakespeare. Indeed no "casual" reader has ever so assigned them; it is only by that microscopic criticism which climbs over and falls back upon itself that a suggestion of such an authorship or connection has ever been breathed: a case where one may truly say that the "casual reader" comes in to correct and revise the critical student with the greatest advantage to the critical student, so apt is poor human nature to become, like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in, and so terribly prone to discover that which it hunts for. For in no field of research is what may be called the "generous specialist" so rare a bird as in the field of Shakespearean study, diagnosis, and hermeneutics. Yet the fact that a piece of literary work was ever, at any time and for any reason, assigned to the great dramatist, appears to me to make that piece interesting, at least as indicating the passing opinion, states of criticism, or estimation of different ages or dates, not to suggest dozens of other circumstances of more or less importance, and so as worthy of examination from a circumstantial, even if worthless from a critical, point of view.

But there are four of these Doubtful Plays, which Shakespeare himself singled out of the list as worthy to be rewritten by himself, and in their rewritten state to be admitted into his own canon, and reëntitled respectively, *The Life and Death of King John*, *The Life of Henry the Fifth* (and I am inclined to think that the suggestion for all the inimitable Falstaff parts of the *I.* and *II. Henry IV.* also came from the old play), *The Second Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Good Duke Humphrey*, and *The Third Part of Henry the Sixth, with the Death of the Duke of Yorke*, etc.

Two of these "Doubtful Plays," certainly, *The*

Famous Victories and *The Troublesome Raigne*, not only attracted Shakespeare's attention but concentrated it. Both were printed in the old blackletter type, then fast being discarded (employing, however, italic types for proper names and roman types for the stage directions, as if in this order these two were most important — more important than the text itself — for the actor to memorize). From the first of these he took the idea of making a play out of the traditional wildness of the youth of the noble King Henry the Fifth, and I have considered it of importance enough to print it in fac-simile to accompany our Bankside edition of *The Life of Henry the Fifth*, which Mr. Stokes has precluded by an admirable Introduction in volume xvi. of this work. To the other, the attention of the student of dramatic literature is now called, as instancing Shakespeare's method of handling another important function of the stagewright — the function of an adapter.

II.

In the Introduction to volume i. of this edition, I stated my reasons for believing that the Play under consideration, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was one which Shakespeare had allowed to grow by its own popularity and stage life, or, as we would say to-day, by localisms, "gags," and other accretions supplied by the actors themselves. In volume iv. I found, as it seemed to me, in the *Troilus and Cressida*, a play withdrawn as unpopular, because unplayable, with little or no action and packed with long speeches which, eloquent and pregnant as they were, the stage refused to carry: since even a Shakespeare must learn, and learn by experience, that between the dramatic and the literary, *per se*, a wide gulf lies, and that a play to be acted is some-

thing very different from a story or a history cut up into speeches. *Titus Andronicus*, again, I believed a notable example of young Shakespeare (for I believe this was his first piece) subordinating much of himself to timidly follow models then popular, and masters whose works just then were holding the stage and the public appetite.

In this Introduction to the *Titus Andronicus*, I traced the development of the Interlude, from the improvised antics of the disbanded miracle-play actors, up to a considerable settlement of form and dialogue to be written out and memorized by the performers. I imagine that the Interlude of Priam and Hecuba, of which specimens are given by the Player King in *Hamlet*, or the one called *The Murder of Gonzago*, to which Hamlet himself added a dozen or fifteen lines, represents a stage in this development. And I think that Shakespeare himself, in studying this development, saw that it was at this or at about this stage that such Interludes furnished a capital opportunity for burlesque, and so gave us those two burlesques: the one so unapproachable for its delineation of pure stupidity, and the other of stupidity and assurance — the Interlude of the Nine Worthies in *Love's Labor Lost*, and the Interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Both of the above-quoted plays — *The Famous Victories* and *The Troublesome Raigne* — are, I think, perhaps examples of the mid-development of the Interlude from its first stage of mere horse-play to its later stages of written dialogue with a dramatic purpose. The comparatively ambitious *Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth* is merely a succession of short scenes, in which certain persons figure without much regard to what the same or other persons have done or will do in the prior or succeeding scenes of the Play.

But *The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England*, is, I think, the next and last stage of the Interlude, just where it ceases to be an Interlude and becomes a stage play. It would be a very interesting pursuit, I think, if one should study our early and middle English dramatic literature, to try and find when and in what piece it first dawned upon the writer that to be dramatic one must delineate character as well as action; and that each speaker in the dialogue must develop his own character by his speech; and not by his own or another's statement in the course of the play. (Observe Shakespeare himself learning this lesson. Observe how Aaron the Moor, in *Titus Andronicus*, tells us what his own character is, how he loves bloodshed and is not happy without at least his one crime a day: and then see how, later on, Iago (whom I suspect to have been the perfected work for which Aaron was the thumb-nail sketch) cannot open his lips without assuring us of the villain that he is.) And accordingly, I think I perceive in this elder play of *King John* that the old writer, in following the chronicle of Holinshed and Hall so exactly, made up his mind that King John's speeches ought to bear out the character which the old chronicles gave him. For example, he would read in the old chronicles:—

“He was comelie of stature, but of looke and countenance displeasent and angrie, somewhat cruell of nature, as by the writers of his time he is noted, and not so hardie as doubtfull in time of perill and danger. But this seemeth to be an enuious report vttered by those that were giuen to speake no good of him whome they inwardlie hated.”

“Moreouer, the pride and pretended authoritie of the cleargie he could not well abide, when they went about to wrest out of his hands the prerogatiue of his princelie rule and gouernment. True it is that to mainteine his warres which he was forced to take in hand, as well in France as elsewhere, he was constrained to make all the shift he could deuise to recouer monie; and bicause he pinched their purses, they conceiued

no small hatred against him, which when he perceiued, and wanted peradventure discretion to passe it ouer, he discouered now and then in his rage his immoderate displeasure, as one not able to bridle his affections, a thing verie hard in a stout stomach, and thereby missed now and then to compasse that which otherwise he might verie well haue brought to passe.”¹

And so, even in the old play, the reader will notice — what the English drama was a long while coming to, and what it had taken a long stride when it had achieved — the identification with a certain character of a certain method and trick or fashion of speech, in the writer’s treatment of the King’s story.

It is very curious to observe that, in adapting this piece, Shakespeare did not, as in the case of *The Famous Victories*, recast the entire story and supply a new action. On the other hand, he seems to have been perfectly satisfied with the action as it stood, and the parallelization shows an almost perfect following of the order of incidents of the old play in the new one (though, as we shall see, he sometimes put a speech for a scene or a scene for a speech in the rewriting).

But while retaining the action, Shakespeare absolutely rewrote the dialogue from beginning to end. So complete, indeed, is this rewriting of the entire play, that our parallelization detects but three absolute identities, and one, perhaps, only a typographical variation : —

Q. 51. *Ireland, Poitiers, Aniwow, Torain, Main.*

F. 16. *Ireland, Poyctiers, Aniove, Torayne, Maine.*

Q. 861. *Volqueffon, Torain, Main, Poitiers and Aniou*, these fue Prouinces.

F. 847. *Volqueffen, Toraine, Maine, Poyctiers, and Aniwow*, these fue Prouinces.

Q. 2616. For that my Grandfire was an Englishman.

F. 2492. (For that my Grandfire was an Englishman)

¹ Holinshed, iii. 196 : 2 I. 4 ; iii. 196 : I. col. 67.

— this being, perhaps, a fourth —

Q. 512. Next them a Bastard of the Kings deceaft.

F. 358. With them a Bastard of the Kings deceaft.

With the formal demand, however, which Cardinal Pandulph, acting as papal Legate, makes upon King John, to show cause why he has overruled the selection of Stephen Langton as Archbishop of Canterbury, Shakespeare is careful — while putting it into the blank verse which the revision required — to tamper very little. Freed from the archaic typography, the two stand thus (*Q.* 1007–1024, *F.* 1063–1085) : —

Know, John, that I, Pandulph, Cardinal of Milan, and Legate from the See of Rome, demand of thee, in the name of our holy father, the Pope Innocent, why thou dost — contrary to the laws of our holy Mother, the Church, and our holy Father, the Pope — disturb the quiet of the Church and disannul the election of Stephen Langton, whom His Holiness hath elected Archbishop of Canterbury. This, in his Holiness's name, I demand of thee !

I, Pandulph, of fair Milan Cathedral,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do, in his name, religiously demand
Why thou, against the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doth spurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen Archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy See.
This, in our foresaid holy Father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee !

In this versed form, Shakespeare strictly preserves the words of import — those which, that is, lay the stress precisely upon the claim of jurisdiction for the Pope — for the Legate upon the credentials of Langton, upon the “disannulling” (that is, the preventing, by force, Langton's possession of the See), and upon the notice to show cause why, etc. And it will be interesting to those who please themselves by culling legalisms from the Plays, to

observe the King, in the first line of his Folio answer, recognizing the legal intendment and solemnity of the notice delivered by the Legate : —

What earthly name to Interrogatories
Can taste the free breath of a sacred King ?

— “Interrogatories” being the technical name, to this day, for questions which are constructively asked by a court of competent jurisdiction, and which cannot be ignored or left unanswered. And the answer he as king proceeds to give, in both the Quarto and the Folio versions, is clearly and emphatically that, as king, he will have no Italian Priest to lay taxes (“have tythe, toll, or poling penie out of England,” as the Quarto says; “Shall tythe or toll in our dominions,” as the Folio). The spiritual power of the Pope the King distinctly considers, excepting it from his answer, in the Folio, instead of including it in his denial, as in the Quarto.

Had any lingering doubt, therefore, been possible as to the Shakespearean authorship of *The Troublesome Raigne*, this fact would have alone sufficed to dispel it. That a dramatist would rewrite his own play from beginning to end, without retaining a single word or figure of speech, is all but inconceivable. With the above trifling exceptions, it will be perceived that our parallelization is necessarily tentative and approximate only, not to say largely conjectural; relying rather upon similar points in the progress of the action, or the narrative, than upon similarities in the texts. The reader, therefore, will accept the outer line notation on the Quarto page as a guide only, or possibly do better himself.

For example, in the Quarto lines (936–938) spoken by Constance, —

*Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
We must obscure this mone with melodie,
Least worser wrack ensue our malecontent.* Exeunt.

— the concordance — expressed by the notation —
I think is with the eight lines, Folio 988-995 : —

Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,
I will instruct my forrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
To me and to the state of my great greefe,
Let kings assemble : for my greefe's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp : here I and forrowes fit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

The reasons leading me to this concordance are, first, that the story seems to have reached this point ; and, second, Constance's exit. An objection to this concordance is of course that whereas in the Quarto Constance asks Arthur, and not Salisbury, to accompany her (Q. 936), in the Folio (988) it is Salisbury who invites her to accompany him, and she declines. But this is overcome, I think, by the two preceding considerations, and somewhat by the conjecture that Constance's proposition to dissemble — to obscure moans with melody — might be made more queenly and magnificent if, instead, she should obscure them with her pride, that is "instruct her sorrows to be proud." But, as I said above, this reasoning might not be satisfactory to anybody else in such a *carte blanche* matter as the paralleling of two antique dialogues.

III.

In fact, nobody knows, or can conjecture, who wrote this old play. There is an interesting specimen of the *Historie* — which is also in so far a specimen of a *Morality*, that it may be almost said to supply an otherwise "missing link" or point of departure in the evolution of the English drama, as showing when one type passed into another never to be iden-

tified again — upon the same general subject as *The Troublesome Raigne*. It is by John Bale, an English Bishop; it was written prior to 1563, and is called *King Johan*.

This interesting relic exists in manuscript in Bishop Bale's own handwriting, apparently never having been printed by its author, or at all, until Mr. Collier's interesting edition in or about 1838. The historical characters in this production are King John, Pope Innocent, Cardinal Pandulph, Archbishop Langton, the monk Simon of Swineshead, and another called Raymondus. Besides these there were the impersonifications of the Morality: Imperial Majesty, who takes charge of the government after King John's death; the three estates, Nobility, Clergy, and Civil Order; Treason, Verity, and Sedition, — the last of whom was the Vice or Jester. England, the nation, is also a character, represented as a widow. Bishop Bale's play is in two parts, for convenience of stage representation, and it breathes the same hatred of the Roman Catholic clergy as *The Troublesome Raigne*; but with these the similarity ceases. For Bishop Bale's King John is noble, patriotic, and generous, while his aspirations to benefit his country are foiled or neutralized by the malice of the Romish clergy; a character quite the reverse of Shakespeare's monarch, crafty and overreaching and finally surrendering to his own combined guilt and weakness.

Of *The Troublesome Raigne* we have no appearance prior to the text here reprinted in the exactly imitated blackletter of its original. Where it came from, where Sampson Clarke got it before he printed it and exposed it for sale at his shop on the "backside of the Royall Exchange," nobody knows. No Stationers' entry announced it, and no member of the Stationers' Company preëmpted the right to

print it. Neither is there any internal evidence to fix its authorship. There are in it many noble lines which Shakespeare himself might not have been ashamed of. But some of the lines, such as, —

Oh, I am undone ! Fair Alice the nun
Hath took up her rest in the Abbot's chest.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my simplicitie.
Fie Alice ! confession will not salve this transgression,

— baffle all conjecture. They are not in the vein of any known Elizabethan dramatist, and suggest the doggerel of the old miracle-plays and mysteries, whose authorship was probably always composite. Very likely Shakespeare may have expressed the approval with which he regarded it, or his intention to rewrite it, for in 1611 this old play was reprinted, and this time with a bold claim that the old play itself was by William Shakespeare : at least the initials "W. Sh." were of commercial value to Simmes and Helme as leading to an impression that Shakespeare was really its author. Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps points out that the removal of the words, "*as it was (sundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honorable Cittie of London,*" was in accordance with the fact that the Company to which Shakespeare belonged had no public theatre in the "City" — their only City theatre being the Blackfriars, a private play-house. "The retention of the word *Queenes*," he adds, "may perhaps show that this edition of 1611 was a mere reprint in every particular of an unknown impression which may have appeared between between the year 1591 and the death of Queen Elizabeth.

This second quarto title-page ran : —

The first and Second Part | of the | Troublesome Raigne
of | John King of England. | with the Discouerie of King
Richard *Cordelions* base Sonne | Vulgarly named, the Bastard
Fawconbridge ; | Also, | The Death of King *John* at *Swin-*

stead Abbey. | As they were (sundry times) lately acted | by the
 Queenes Maiesties Players. | *Written by W. Sh.* | Imprinted
 at *London* by *Valentine Simmes*, for *John Helme*, and are
 to be sold at his Shop in Saint | *Dunstons* Church-yard in
Fleetestreet. 1611. |

But when in 1622 a third quarto was printed by Aug. Mathewes for Thomas Dewe, this "By W. Sh." had grown to "By W. Shakespeare." The words, "By the Queenes Maiefties Players," were dropped, but otherwise the body of the title-page remained the same as in Helme's edition.

The old play is, of course, what was known as a Chronicle History. It must have been written earlier than would be indicated by the reference in the prologue to Part I., "To the Gentlemen Readers," to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, which was performed in 1590. Indeed, I think that this prologue or preface was only added on publication of the play. I think it highly impossible that the old play, with its emphatic libels upon and bold speeches denunciatory of the Old Faith and of the Catholic Church could have been performed after Elizabeth's proclamations of April 7 and May 16, 1599,¹ in which all plays were forbidden "wherein matters of religion or of the government of the Commonwealth are handled or treated," which may account — and, to me, does entirely and satisfactorily account — for the removal of the scurrilous scenes libelling the Roman Church without the load of discussion as to whether Shakespeare was Catholic or Protestant, with which a commentary upon this play is usually burdened.

The removal need not, however, be referred even to this simplest of explanations. For the scandalous matter of the monk and the nun in each other's private apartments occurs in the course of the long details as to Falconbridge's raid upon the religious

¹ Vol. i. p. 5.

houses, which he had been ordered to make to meet the King's expenses. The one hundred and seventeen lines (Q. 1239 to Q. 1356) which dilate upon these details, Shakespeare rejected, covering the entire episode with just three lines (F. 1551-1553):—

The bastard Falconbridge
Is now in England, ransacking the Church,
Offending Charity:

and then with two more, being a speech of Falconbridge's announcing the success of his rapine (F. 1855-1856):—

How I haue sped among the Clergymen,
The fummess I have collected shall expresse.

With the charge that the monks of Swinsted poisoned the King when he was in their power, Shakespeare, as the charge was never either proven or disproven, deals perhaps more gingerly, but he even more ruthlessly abridges the allotment to them of the old play. Here the one hundred and fifteen Quarto lines (2859-2973) which show us the King at the Abbey, his reception there, the banquet in the garden, the cup of drink concocted from the entrails of a toad, the death of the monk who officiated as the King's taster, the death of the King himself, and the stabbing of the Abbot by Falconbridge in revenge, are entirely discarded and their place in the action supplied by the single line (F. 2567) spoken by Hubert to the Bastard,—

The King I feare is poyfon'd by a Monke.

In short, whatever reason may be assigned for the excision of all the reflections upon the Roman Catholic Church—or however the excision may afford opportunity for argument as to Shakespeare's personal religious preferences—the Play, as Shakespeare left it, is patriotic, not polemical, in spirit. The protest is against the Pope as a foreign power, and so as a

temporal, not as a spiritual usurper in England. So far as one may judge of Shakespeare from his dramatic works, he was a man who kept his religious opinions — if he had any — strictly to himself !

IV.

This old play Shakespeare now took for his own stage and proceeded, as we have said, to rewrite it from beginning to end. The old play opens with some fifty or sixty lines of rambling dialogue, from which the reader may draw that the King of France desires some sort of conference or “dicker” with King John, relative to the old claims of France to the English crown, and of England to the French crown (which were continually being bandied about, back and forth, in the old Plantagenet days, and concerning which the Historical plays have always so much to say). Shakespeare drew his pen through all this dialogue and opened the play with the single sentence, —

Now say, Chatillion, what would France with us ?

— a splendid and imperious utterance, which at once states the situation, and tells us at once that France desires an interview not only, but that England does not, and is disposed not only to refuse it, but, if reluctantly granted, to maintain a stern opposition to whatever France may intend to offer or to urge. All this is fairly implied and conveyed to the audience in eight short words of that dramatic diction which the consummate artist playwright uses to at once carry his action along, and to state his situation and infer to the spectator the motive which he finds adverse to him and proposes to thwart, as well as his own probable course, whether straightforward or adroit, in thwarting it. Here (and I, for my part,

cannot imagine a more capital specimen) is an exemplification of the Art Dramatic : the art of telling a story to ear, eye, and intelligence at once, an art which, the more I study Shakespeare, seems to me to have been created by him, independently of its evolution from classic or anterior models.

But something else is wanting, besides narrative and action, to a perfect drama. There must be a central character for hero : that is to say, a strong individuality to which the sympathy of the audience may cling — one whose fortunes each individual of the audience will follow, and in whose success, moral or material, each spectator is himself to feel rewarded. There was no such personage in *The Troublesome Raigne*. There was, however, a character, Falconbridge, who, after a rambling sort of fashion, met and surmounted obstacles, and this personage Shakespeare immediately seized upon, and around him he grouped the entire action of his play, making the success of his motive — this character's personal success, and the triumph of the purpose of the play — his personal triumph : which for stage availability must always be the successful end and aim of every true dramatic production. But there is more yet. The perfect piece of dramatic work, written not for the closet, but for the stage and the spectator, must not only avoid obscurity, and allot certain situations to words, certain other to action, and certain other to stage scenery or stage effect, and unite all these upon every movement, but it must so unify all these that no situation shall be introduced except as the result of a preceding, and the exciting cause of a future, situation. No matter how pathetic, comic, or eloquent a scene, if it do not belong in the dramatic progress, it will weary the spectator and kill the piece. Now, *The Troublesome Raigne* gives several scenes in which Prince Arthur — not a

frail child to work upon our sympathies, as Shakespeare saw the opportunity of making him, but a rather colorless young man, with very little to say for himself — figures. In one of them Hubert is sent to put out his eyes in prison. In the old play Arthur objects upon what we would say were rather intellectual grounds for a young man about to be tortured. Upon being apprised of his errand he says to Hubert : —

Advise thee, Hubert, for the case is hard —
To lose salvation for a king's reward.

Hubert. My lord, a subject dwelling in the land
Is tied to execute the king's command.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,
That no command should stand in force to murder.

Hubert. But that same Essence hath ordained a law,
A death for guilt, to keep the world in awe.

This may be exemplary, but it is not dramatic. We all know what Shakespeare made of it : a piteous pleading and a relenting, which nowhere in literature or poetry can be touched for pathos. And I may add that Hubert himself, from a mere figure in the old play, is rewritten into a human being; and into a rugged, honest, and rather praiseworthy person.

Again, in the old play Queen Constance holds a sort of short didactic dialogue with herself as to whether, upon classical precedent, she would be justified in shedding a few tears for the loss of her child !

My tongue is tuned to story forth mishap :
When did I breathe to tell a pleasing tale ?
Must Constance speak ? Let tears prevent her talk.
Must I discourse ? Let Dido sigh, and say
She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy :
Two words will serve, and then my tale is done —
Elinor's proud brat hath robbed me of my son !

Those seven stilted and impossible lines Shakespeare

rewrote into that expression of poignant grief whose eloquence has no match in literature, and which has made Constance's grief for her child a synonym for the acme of maternal bereavement, and will always keep it so! And, in closing the parallelization, what shall we say of the genius, not only for stage art, but for that summit of the sublime which could mould over such commonplaces as

Let England live but true within itself,
And all the world can never wrong her state ;

and

If England's peers and people join in one,
Not Pope, nor France, nor Spain can do them wrong !

into the glorious

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

In the rewriting, Shakespeare makes the ten acts of the old play over into five — the regulation number in which all his other plays are given. But, although curtailing and cutting very liberally, it is curious to see that Shakespeare is perfectly willing to take the sequence of the play as cut. He only really adds on his own account one new scene : that between Falconbridge and Hubert to wit : *Scena Sexta*, at F. 2537-2589.

Among the minor points where Shakespeare next saw room for improvement : he forced a tedious old prophet in the earlier play — Peter of Pomfret, who makes, in all, three long speeches — to content himself with just one line before he takes himself and his five moons off the stage forever : cut away the long

aside soliloquies of Falconbridge as against all stage form — and there is no canon so inexorable to-day in stage art as that soliloquy is to be admitted very charily. One more example of this prophetic knowledge, as we might call it : a case where Shakespeare does exactly what a stagewright or stage manager of to-day would do, were that old play brought to him for mounting. Turn to the scene where there is a confusion and a hand-to-hand struggle on the battlefield, Queen Elinor is captured by a party of the enemy — then Falconbridge recaptures her. The point, all that is necessary to the course of the story, is that Elinor has been captured and recaptured. This being all that Shakespeare wants, he simply brings in a person who makes that statement. Thus a long episode of purposeless action, which would only delay, is cut out quite as peremptorily as Mr. Puff cut out pages of dialogue with his striking clock.¹

Nor did Shakespeare's refining hand omit to remedy the smaller points, where taste and delicacy might be appealed to. In the old play, for example, there is a scene where two brothers dispute, in their mother's presence, concerning their own legitimacy, one of them going so far as to threaten her with death if she do not reveal the truth to him. Such a scene as this, so repulsive to the least filial or manly instinct, we may be sure went by the board when the great Dramatist, great in every item and phase and department of his Art, adapted and made *The Troublesome Raigne* over into his sombre and splendid KING JOHN.

APPLETON MORGAN.]

¹ "I open with a clock striking, to beget an awful attention in the audience — it also marks the time, which is four o'clock in the morning, and saves a description of the rising sun, and a great deal about gilding the eastern hemisphere." — *The Critic*.



WE, the undersigned, a Committee appointed by *The Shakespeare Society of New York* to confer and report upon a Notation for *The Bankside Edition* of the plays of William Shakespeare, hereby certify that the *Notation* of the present volume: of which five hundred copies only are printed, of which this copy is No. _____: is that resolved upon by us, and reported by us to, and adopted by, *The Shakespeare Society of New York*.

COMMITTEE	{	ALVEY A. ADEE, <i>Chairman</i> .
		THOMAS R. PRICE.
		WM. H. FLEMING.
		APPLETON MORGAN.



THE Troublesome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the discouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions
Base sonne (vulgarly named, The Bastard Fawconbridge) : also the
death of *King Iohn* at Swinestead
Abbey.

*As it was (sundry times) publiely acted by the
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the honourable Citie of
London.*



Imprinted at London for *Sampson Clarke*,
and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-
side of the Royall Exchange.

1591.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING IOHN.





I To the Gentlemen Readers.

2 **Y**ou that with friendly grace of smoothed brow
3 Haue entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine,
4 And giuen applause vnto an Infidel:
5 Vouchsafe to welcome (with like curtesie)
6 A warlike Christian and your Countreyman.
7 For Christs true faith indur'd he many a storme,
8 And set himselfe against the Man of Rome,
9 Vntill base treason (by a damned wight)
10 Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
11 Accept of it (sweete Gentles) in good sort,
12 And thinke it was preparte for your disport.



1 13 The troublesome Raigne of
 14 *King Iohn.*

1 15 Enter *K. Iohn*, *Queene Elinor* his mother, *William Marshal*.
 2 16 Earle of *Pembrooke*, the Earles of *Essex*, and of *Salisbury*

17 *Queene Elianor.*

18 **B** Arons of *England*, and my noble Lords ;
 19 Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
 20 Victorious *Richard* scourge of Infidels,
 21 And clad this Land in stole of dismall hieu ;
 22 Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
 23 That from this wombe hath sprung a second hopt
 24 A King that may inrule and vertue both
 25 Succæde his brother in his Emperie.
 26 *K. Iohn* My gracious mother *Queene*, and Barons all ;
 27 Though farre vnworthie of so high a place,
 28 As is the Throne of mightie *Englands* King :
 29 Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
 30 Will (as he may) sustaine the heauie yoke
 31 Of pressing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
 32 My Lord of *Pembrooke* and Lord *Salsbury*,
 33 Admit the Lord *Shattilion* to our presence ;
 34 That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
 35 (By his Ambassadors) requires of vs.
 36 *Q. Elinor* Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can gesse



The life and death of King Iohn. 1

Actus Primus , Scæna Prima.


Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and Sa- 2
lisbury, with the Chattyllion of France. 3

37 **W**hereto this weightie Embassade doth tend :
 38 **I**f of my Nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
 39 **T**hen say my Sonne **I** haue not mist my aime.
 40 Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles.

5 41 *Iohn* **M**y Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England* :
 42 **H**ow fares our Brother *Philip* King of *Fraunce* ?
 6 43 *Chatt.* His Highnes at my comming was in health,
 44 And wuld me to salute your Maestie,
 45 And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

46 *Iohn* And spare not man, we are ppeparde to heare.
 6 47 *Chattilion.* *Philip* by the grace of God most Chyistian K.
 48 of *France*, hauing taken into his guardain and ptection *Ar-*
 49 *thur* Duke of *Brittaine*, son & heire to *Ieffrey* thine elder bro-
 50 ther, requireth in the behalfe of the said *Arthur*, the Kingdom
 16 51 of *England*, with the Lordship of *Ireland*, *Poitiers*, *Aniow*,
 52 *Torain*, *Main* : and **I** attend thine aunswere.

21 53 *Iohn.* A small request : belike he makes account
 54 **T**hat *England*, *Ireland*, *Poitiers*, *Aniow*, *Torain*, *Main*,
 55 Are nothing for a King to giue at once :
 56 **I** wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
 25 57 **T**ell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
 58 **W**ith greater honour than to send them thus
 59 **O**n Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
 60 **O**r if they did, would yeeld but small returne.
 61 *Chattilion* **I**s this thine answere ?
 62 *Iohn* **I**t is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

<i>King John.</i>	4
 Ow say <i>Chatillion</i> , what would <i>France</i> with vs ?	5
<i>Chat.</i> Thus (after greeting) speakes the King of France,	6 7
In my behaiour to the Maiesty,	8
The borrowed Maiesty of <i>England</i> heere.	9
<i>Elea.</i> A strange beginning : borrowed Maiesty ?	10
<i>K. John.</i> Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.	11
<i>Chat. Philip</i> of <i>France</i> , in right and true behalfe	12
Of thy deceased brother, <i>Geffreyes</i> sonne,	13
<i>Arthur Plantaginet</i> , laies most lawfull claime	14
To this faire Iland, and the Territories :	15
To <i>Ireland</i> , <i>Poyctiers</i> , <i>Aniowe</i> , <i>Torayne</i> , <i>Maine</i> ,	16
Desiring thee to lay aside the sword	17
Which swaies vsurpingly these feuerall titles,	18
And put the same into yong <i>Arthurs</i> hand,	19
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.	20
<i>K. John.</i> What followes if we disallow of this?	21
<i>Chat.</i> The proud controle of fierce and bloody warre,	22
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,	23
<i>K. Jo.</i> Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,	24
Controlement for controlement : so answer <i>France</i> .	25

- 26 63 *Chattilion* Then King of England, in my Masters name,
 64 And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of Britaines name,
 65 I doo desie thee as an Enemie,
 22 66 And with thee to prepare for bloodie warres.
 67 *Q. Elinor* My Lord (that stands upon defiance thus)
 68 Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
 69 That I Queene *Elienor* (his Grandmother)
 70 Upon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
 71 Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so :
 72 Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
 73 That will not sticke to bring him to his ende,
 74 So she may bring her selfe to rule a Realme.
 75 Pert with him to forsake the King of *Fraunce*,
 76 And come to me and to his Uncle here.
 77 And he shall want for nothing at our hands.
 78 *Chattilion*. This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.
 79 *Iohn Pembroke*, conuay him safely to the sea,
 80 But not in hast : for as we are aduise,
 81 We meane to be in *Fraunce* as soone as he,
 82 To fortifie such townes as we possesse
 36 83 In *Aniou*, *Torain* and in *Normandy*. Exit *Chatt*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth, 26
The farthest limit of my Embassie. 27

K.Iohn. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace, 28
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France* ; 29
For ere thou canst report, I will be there : 30
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard. 31
So hence : be thou the trumpet of our wrath, 32
And fullen presage of your owne decay : 33
An honourable conduct let him haue, 34
Pembroke looke too't : farewell *Chattillion*. 35

Exit Chat and Pem. 36

Eli. What now my sonne, haue I not euer said 37
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease 38
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world, 39
Vpon the right and party of her sonne. 40
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole 41
With very easie arguments of loue, 42
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes must 43
With fearefull bloody issue arbitrate. 44

K. Iohn. Our strong possession, and our right for vs. 45

Eli. Your strong posselsiõ much more then your right, 46
Or else it must go wrong with you and me, 47

- 50 84 Enter the Shriue, & whifpers the Earle of *Sal* in the eare.
 85 *Salisbury*. Please it your Maiesttie, heere is the Shziue of
 86 *Northamptonshire*, with certaine persons that of late com-
 87 mitted a riot, and haue appeald to your Maiesttie beseeching
 88 your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them.
 89 *Iohn* Will them come neere, and while we heare the cause,
 90 Goe *Salsbury* and make prouision,
 91 We meane with speedt to passe the sea to *Fraunce*.
 92 Say Shziue, what are these men, what haue they done ?
 93 Or wheretoo tends the course of this appeale ?
 51 94 *Shriue*. Please it your Maiesttie these two bzethzen vnna-
 95 turally falling at odds about their Fathers liuing haue bz-
 96 ken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their owne wzōgs
 97 without cause of Law, or order of Justice, and vnlawfully af-
 98 sembled themselues in mutinous manner, hauing committed
 99 a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your High-
 100 nes : and here I *Thomas Nidigate* Shziue of *Northamp-*
 101 *tonshire*, doe deliuer them ouer to their triall.
 102 *Iohn* My Lord of *Essex*, will the offenders to stand foozth,
 103 and tell the cause of their quarrell.
 104 *Essex* Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you disco-
 105 uer your griefes, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice.

106 *Philip* Please it your Maiesttie, the wzong is mine; yet wil
 107 I abide all wzongs, befoze I once open my mouth to vnrippe
 108 the shamefull slaunder of my parents, the dishonour of myself,
 109 & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly.

- 64 110 *Robert* Then by my Prince his leaue shall *Robert* speake,
 111 And tell your Maiesttie what right I haue
 112 To ouer wzong, as he accouncerd wzong.
 113 My Father (not vnknownen vnto your Grace)
 114 Receiud his spures of knight hood in the field,

So much my conscience whifpers in your eare, 48
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, fhall heare. 49

Enter a Sheriffe. 50

Effex. My Liege, here is the strangest controuerfie 51
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you 52
That ere I heard : fhall I produce the men ? 53

K.Iohn. Let them approach : 54
Our Abbies and our Priors fhall pay 55
This expeditious charge : what men are you ? 56

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip. 57

Philip. Your faithfull fubiect, I a gentleman, 58
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldeft fonne 59
As I fuppofe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*, 60
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand 61
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field. 62

K.Iohn. What art thou ? 63

Robert. The fon and heire to that fame *Faulconbridge*. 64

- 115 At Kingly Richards hands in Palestine,
 116 When as the walls of Acon gaue him way :
 117 His name Sir Robert Fauconbridge of Mountbery.
 118 What by succession from his Aunccestours,
 119 And warlike seruice vnder Englands Armes,
 120 His liuing did amount too at his death
 121 Two thousand Markes reuenew euery yeare :
 122 And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
 123 As lawfull heire to Robert Fauconbridge.
 124 Philip. If first bozne sonne be heire indubitate
 125 By certaine right of Englands auncient Lawe,
 126 How should myselfe make any other doubt,
 127 But I am heire to Robert Fauconbridge ?
 128 Iohn Fond Mouth, to trouble these our Princely eares
 129 Or make a question in so plaine a case :
 130 Speake, is this man thine elder Brother bozne ?
 131 Robert Please it your Grace with patience for to heare ;
 132 I not denie but he mine Elder is,
 133 Mine elder Brother too : yet in such sort,
 134 As he can make no title to the Land.
 135 Iohn A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
 65 136 Thy Brother and thine elder, and no heire :
 137 Explaine this darke *Enigma*.
 138 Robert I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers sonne,
 139 Base bozne, and base begot, no Fauconbridge.
 140 Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
 141 My Father in his life did count him so,
 142 And here my Mother stands to prooue him so :
 143 But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre
 144 Both to my Mothers shame and his reproach,
 145 He is no heire nor yet legitimate.
 146 Then (gracious Lord) let Fauconbridge enioy
 147 The liuing that belongs to Fauconbridge.
 148 And let not him possesse anothers right.

K.Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre? 65
You came not of one mother then it seemes. 66

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King, 67
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father : 68

149 *Iohn* Proue this, the land is thine by *Englands* law.
 72 150 *Q. Elianor* Ingracious youth, to rip thy mothers shame,
 151 The wombe from whence thou didst thy being take,
 152 All honest eares abhorre thy wickednes,
 153 But gold I see doth beate downe natures law.
 154 *Mother.* My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend Dame,
 155 That see the teares distilling from mine eyes,
 156 And scalding sighes blowne from a rented heart :
 157 For honour and regard of womanhood,
 158 Let me entreate to be commaunded hence
 159 Let not these eares receiue the hissing sound
 160 Of such a viper, who with poysoned words
 161 Doth murtherate the bowels of my soule.

79 162 *Iohn.* Ladie, stand vp, be patient for a while :
 163 And fellow, say, whole bastard is thy brother.
 164 *Philip* Not for my selfe, nor for my mother now :
 165 But for the honour of so braue a Man,
 166 Whom he accuseth with adulterie :
 167 Here I beseech your Grace vpon my knees,
 168 To count him mad, and so dismisse vs hence.

169 *Robert* Not mad, nor mazde, but well aduised, I
 170 Charge thee before this royall presence here

But for the cerraine knowledge of that truth, 69
 I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother ; 70
 Of that I doubt, as all mens children may. 71

Eli. Out on thee rude man, y doft shame thy mother, 72
 And wound her honor with this diffidence. 73

Phil. I Madame ? No, I haue no reafon for it, 74
 That is my brothers plea, and none of mine, 75
 The which if he can proue, a pops me out, 76
 At leaft from faire five hundred pound a yeere : 77
 Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land. 78

K.Iohn. A good blunt fellow : why being yonger born 79
 Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance ? 80

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land : 81
 But once he flanderd me with baftardy : 82
 But where I be as true begot or no, 83
 That ftill I lay vpon my mothers head, 84
 But that I am as well begot my Liege 85
 (Faie fall the bones that tooke the paines for me) 86
 Compare our faces, and be Iudge your felfe 87
 If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both, 88
 And were our father, and this fonne like him : 89
 O old fir *Robert* Father, on my knee 90
 I giue heauen thanks I was not like to thee. 91

- 171 To be a Bastard to King *Richards* self,
 172 Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maiestie.
 173 Thus bluntly, and
 174 *Elianor* Wong man thou needst not be ashamed of thy kin,
 175 Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy prooffe.
 176 *Robert* The prooffe so plaine, the argument so strong,
 177 As that your Highnes and these noble Lords,
 178 And all (saue those that haue no eyes to see)
 179 Shall sweare him to be Bastard to the King.
 180 First when my Father was Embassadour
 108 181 In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
 111 182 The King lay often at my Fathers house ;
 183 And all the Realme suspected what befell :
 184 And at my Fathers back returne agen
 185 My Mother was deliuered as tis sed,
 121 186 Sire weekes befoze the account my Father made.
 187 But moze than this : looke but on *Philips* face,
 188 His features, actions, and his lineaments,
 189 And all this Princely presence shall confesse,
 190 He is no other but King *Richards* Sonne.
 191 Then gracious Lord, rest he King *Richards* Sonne,
 192 And let me rest safe in my Fathers right,
 193 That am his rightfull sonne and onely heire.
 92 194 *Iohn* Is this thy prooffe, and all thou hast to say :
 195 *Robert* I haue no moze, nor neede I greater prooffe.
 196 *Iohn* First, where thou saidst in absence of thy Sire
 197 My Brother often lodged in his house :
 198 And what of that ? base groome to slaunder him,
 199 That honoured his Embassadoz so much,
 200 In absence of the man to cheere the wife ?
 201 This will not hold, procede vnto the next.
 202 *Q Elinor* Thou saist the kende six weekes befoze her time,
 203 Why good Sir Squire are you so cunning growen
 204 To make account of womens reckonings :
 205 Spit in your hand and to your other prooffes :
 206 Many mischaunces hap in such affaires
 207 To make a woman come befoze her time.

K. Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here? 92

- 97 208 *Iohn* And where thou saist he looketh like the King
 209 In action, feature and proportion :
 210 Therein I holde with thee, for in my life
 98 211 I neuer saw so liuely counterfet
 212 Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.
 213 *Robert* Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
 214 And let me haue my liuing and my right.
 215 *O Elinor* Nay heare you Sir, you runne away too fast :
 216 Know you not, *Omne simile non est idem ?*
 217 O haue read in. Harke ye good sir,
 218 It was thus I warrant, and no otherwise,
 219 She lay with Sir *Robert* your Father, and thought vppon
 220 King *Richard* my Sonne, and so your Brother was formed
 221 in this fashion.

<i>Elen.</i> He hath a tricke of <i>Cordelions</i> face,	93
The accent of his tongue affecteth him :	94
Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne	95
In the large composition of this man ?	96
<i>K.Iohn.</i> Mine eye hath well examined his parts,	97
And findes them perfect <i>Richard</i> : firra speake,	98
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.	99

<i>Philip.</i> Because he hath a half-face like my father ?	100
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,	101
A halfe-fac'd groat, fise hundred pound a yeere?	102
<i>Rob.</i> My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,	103
Your brother did imploy my father much.	104
<i>Phil.</i> Well fir, by this you cannot get my land,	105
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.	106
<i>Rob.</i> And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie	107
To <i>Germany</i> , there with the Emperor	108
To treat of high affaires touching that time :	109
Th'aduantage of his absence tooke the King,	110
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers ;	111
Where how he did preuaile, I shame to speake :	112
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores	113
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,	114
As I haue heard my father speake himselfe	115
When this same lusty gentleman was got :	116
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd	117

- 222 *Robert.* Madame, you wzong me thus to iest it out,
 223 I craue my right : King *Iohn* as thou art King,
 224 So be thou iust, and let me haue my right.
 124 225 *Iohn.* Why (foolish boy) thy pzoofes are friuolous,
 226 For canst thou chalenge any thing thereby.
 227 But thou shalt see how I will helpe thy claime,
 228 This is my doome, and this my doome shall stand
 229 Irreucable, as I am King of *England*.
 230 For thou knowst not, weele aske of them that know,
 231 His mother and himselfe shall ende this strife :
 137 232 And as they say, so shall thy liuing passe.

- 138 233 *Robert* My Lord, herein I chalenge you of wzong,
 234 To giue away my right, and put the doome
 235 Vnto themselues. Can there be likelihood
 236 That she will loose :
 237 Or he will giue the liuing from himselfe :
 238 It may not be my Lord. Why should it be ?

- 239 *Iohn* Lords keepe him back, and let him heare the doome,
 240 *Essex*, first aske the Mother thizce who was his Sire ?
 241 *Essex* Ladie *Margaret* Widow of *Fauconbridge*,
 242 Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip* ?
 243 Mother Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert* *Faulconbridge*.
 244 *Robert* This is right, aske my felow there if I be a thiefe.
 245 *Iohn* Aske *Philip* whose Sonne he is.

His lands to me, and tooke it on his death 118
 That this my mothers fonne was none of his ; 119
 And if he were, he came into the world 120
 Full fourteene weekes before the courfe of time : 121

Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine, 122
 My fathers land, as was my fathers will. 123

K.Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate, 124
 Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him : 125
 And if she did play falfe, the fault was hers, 126
 Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands 127
 That marry wiues : tell me, how if my brother 128
 Who as you say, tooke paines to get this fonne, 129
 Had of your father claim'd this fonne for his, 130
 Infooth, good friend, your father might haue kept 131
 This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world : 132
 Infooth he might : then if he were my brothers, 133
 My brother might not claime him, nor your father 134
 Being none of his, refuse him : this concludes, 135
 My mothers fonne did get your fathers heyre, 136
 Your fathers heyre must haue your fathers land. 137

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force, 138
 To dispossesse that childe which is not his. 139

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me fir, 140
 Then was his will to get me, as I think. 141

- 246 *Essex Philip*, who was thy Father ?
 247 *Philip* Was my Lord, and thats a question : and you had
 248 not taken some paines with her befoze, I should haue desired
 249 you to aske my Mother.
 250 *Iohn* Say who was thy Father ?
 251 *Philip* Faith (my Lord) to answere you sure he is my fa-
 252 ther that was néarest my mother when I was gotten, & him
 253 I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.
 254 *Iohn Essex*, for fashions sake demaund agen,
 255 And so an ende to this contention.
 256 *Robert* Was euer man thus wzongd as *Robert* is ?
 257 *Essex Philip* speake I say, who was thy Father ?
 258 *Iohn* Woug man how now, what art thou in a traunce ?
 259 *Elleanor Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.
 260 *Philip Philippus* atavis adite Regibus.
 261 What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings ?
 262 *Quo me rapit tempestas* ?
 263 What winde of honour blowes this furie forth ?
 264 O whence proecde these fumes of Maiestie ?
 265 He thinkes I heare a hollow Echo sound,
 266 That *Philip* is the Sonne vnto a King :
 267 The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
 268 Whistle in consozt I am *Richards Sonne* :
 269 The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
 270 Records *Philippus Regius filius* :
 271 Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
 272 Filling the ayre with glozie of my birth :
 273 Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Echo, all
 274 King in mine eares, that I am *Richards Sonne*.
 275 Fond man, ah whether art thou carried ?
 276 How are thy thoughts ywzapt in Honors heauen ?
 277 Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst,
 278 Thy fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,
 279 These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge* :
 280 And well they may ; for why this monnting minde
 281 Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge*.

- 282 Why how now ! knowest thou where thou art :
 283 And knowest thou who expects thine answere here :
 284 Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine
 285 Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base bozne ?
 286 No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
 287 What ere thou thinkest, say thou art *Fauconbridge*.
 142 288 *Fohn* Speake man, be fodaine, who thy Father was.

- 289 *Philip* Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*
 290 *Philip*, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes :
 291 It will not out, I cannot for my life
 292 Say I am Sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
 293 Let land and liuing goe, tis honoꝝ fire
 294 That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
 295 Base to a King addes title of moze State,
 296 Than knights begotten, though legitimate.
 154 297 Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.
 298 *Robert* *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
 299 His saltring tongue not suffers him to lie.
 300 *Mother* What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonne;
 301 *Philip* *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.
 302 *Iohn* Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
 303 By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*, 142
And like thy brother to enioy thy land : 143
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*, 144
Lord of thy prefence, and no land beside. 145
Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape 146
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him, 147
And if my legs were two such riding rods, 148
My armes, such eele-skins stuft, my face so thin, 149
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose, 150
Left men should say, looke were three farthings goes, 151
And to his shape were heyre to all this land, 152
Would I might neuer stirre from off this place, 153
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face : 154
It would not be fir nobbe in any case. 155

- 304 Robert, thou art the heire of Fauconbridge,
 305 God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.
 156 306 Q Elinor Why how now Philip, giue away thine owne !
 307 Philip Madame, I am, bold to make my selfe your nephew,
 308 The poojest kinsman that your Highnes hath :
 309 And with this Proverb gin the world anew,
 310 Help hands, I haue no lands, honour is my desire ;
 311 Let Philip liue to shew himselfe woꝛthie so great a Sire.
 312 Elinor Philip, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde :
 313 But cheere thée boy, I will not see thée want
 314 As long as Elinor hath foote of land ;
 315 Hencefoꝛth thou shalt be taken foꝛ my sonne,
 316 And waite on me and on thine Uncle heere,
 317 Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.

- 170 318 Iohn Philip kneele down, that thou maist thꝛoughly know
 319 How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,

- 171 320 Rise vp Sir Richard Plantaginet R. Richards Sonne.
 321 Phil. Graunt heauens that Philip once may shew himself
 322 Woꝛthie the honour of Plantaginet,
 323 Oꝛ basest gloꝛie of a Bastards name.

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune, 156

Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me? 157
 I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*. 158
Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance; 159
 Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere, 160
 Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere: 161
 Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death. 162
Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither. 163
Bast. Our Country manners giue our betters way. 164
K.Iohn. What is thy name? 165
Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun, 166
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldest sonne. 167
K.Iohn. From henceforth beare his name 168
 Whose forme thou bearest: 169
 Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great, 170
 Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*. 171
Bast. Brother by th'mothers side, giue me your hand, 172
 My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land: 173
 Now blessed be the houre by night or day 174
 When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away. 175
Ele. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*: 176
 I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so. 177
Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho; 178
 Something about a little from the right, 179
 In at the window, or else ore the hatch: 180

324 *Iohn* Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
 325 To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates :
 326 *Essex*, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
 327 And toward the maine charges of my warres,
 328 Ile ceaze the lazie Abbey lubbers lands
 329 Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
 330 The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselves
 331 With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.

332 Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
 188 333 And march we forward mightely to *Fraunce*. Exeunt.

334 Manet *Philip* and his Mother.
 335 *Philip* Madame I beseech you deigne me so much leasure
 336 as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.
 337 *Mother* Whats the matter *Philip*. I thinke your sute in
 338 secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns
 339 in the bottome of my chest.
 340 *Phil.* No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or borrow,
 341 But such a sute, as might some other grant,
 342 I would not now haue troubled you withall.
 343 *Mother* A Gods name let vs heare it.
 344 *Philip* Then Madame thus, your Ladithip sees well,
 345 How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
 346 In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
 347 I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
 348 This grosse atteint so tilteth in my thoughts,
 349 Maintaining combat to abridge my ease,
 350 That field and towne, and company alone,
 351 Whatso I doo, or wherefoere I am,

Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,	181
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch :	182
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well fhot,	183
And I am I, how ere I was begot.	184

<i>K.Iohn.</i> Goe, <i>Faulconbridge</i> , now hast thou thy desire,	185
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire :	186
Come Madam, and come <i>Richard</i> , we must speed	187
For <i>France</i> , for <i>France</i> , for it is more then need.	188
<i>Bast.</i> Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,	189
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty.	190
<i>Exeunt all but bastard.</i>	191

- 352 I cannot chafe the slaunder from thy thoughts.
 353 If it be true, resolue me of my Sire,
 354 For pardon Madame, if I thinke amisse.
 355 Be *Philip Philip* and no *Fauconbridge*,
 356 His Father doubtles was as bzaue a man.
 357 To you on knees as sometime *Phaeton*,
 358 Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his Sire,
 359 Strayning a little bashfull modestie,
 360 I beg some instance whence I am extraught.
 361 *Mother* Yet moze adoo to haste me to my graue,
 254 362 And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse :
 363 Must I accuse myself to close with you ?
 364 Slaunder myself to quiet your affects :
 365 Thou moouest me *Philip* with this idle talke,
 366 Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
 367 *Philip* Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,
 368 For strong conceipt dziues dutie hence awhile :
 369 Your husband *Fauconbridge* was Father to that sonne,
 370 That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,
 371 The sonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,
 372 And holds my right, as lineall in discent
 373 From him whose forme was figured in his face.
 374 Can Nature so dissemble in her frame,
 375 To make the one so like as like may be,
 376 And in the other print no character
 377 To chalenge any marke of true discent :
 378 My brothers minde is base, and too too dull,
 379 To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
 380 And his externall graces that you view
 381 (Though I repozt it) counterpoise not mine :
 382 His constitution plaine debilitie,
 383 Requires the chayze, and mine the seate of Steele,
 384 Nay, what is he, or what am I to him :
 385 When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
 386 Will scarcely iudge vs both one Countrey bozne.
 387 This Madame, this, hath dzoue me from myselfe :

- 388 And here by heauens eternall lampes I sweare,
 389 As cursed *Nero* with his mother did,
 390 So I with you, if you resolue me not.
 391 *Mother* Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire.
 392 And vze no further what thou doost require.
 393 *Philip*. Let sonnes entreatie sway the mother now,
 394 Or els she dies : Ile not infringe my vow.
 395 *Mother* Unhappy taske : must I recount my shame,
 396 Blab my misdeedes, or by concealing die !
 397 Some power strike me speechlesse for a time,
 398 Or take from him awhile his hearings vse.
 399 Why with I so, unhappy as I am ?
 400 The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,
 401 I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.
 262 402 *Philip*. Mother be brieve, I long to know my name.
 403 *Mother* And longing dye to throwd thy Mothers shame.
 404 *Philip*. Come Madame come, you neede not be so loth.
 405 The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.
 406 Ist not a slacknes in me worthe blame,
 407 To be foolde, and cannot wite my name.
 408 Good Mother resolue me.
 409 *Mother*. Then *Philip* heare thy fortune and my grieve,
 410 My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
 411 My shame, thy name, and husbonds secret wrong,
 412 All maind and staine by youths unruly sway.
 413 And when thou knowest from whence thou art extraught,
 414 Or if thou knewst what futes, what threats, what feares,
 415 To mooue by loue, or massacre by death.
 416 To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
 417 The mightines of him that courted me,
 418 Who tempred terroz with his wanton talke,
 419 That something may extenuate the guilt.
 420 But let it not aduantage me so much :
 421 Appraid me rather with the *Romane* Dame
 422 That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
 423 Why stand I to expostulate the crime

- 424 *With pro & contra*, now the déede is don,
 425 *When* to conclude two woꝝds may tell the tale,
 426 *That Philips* Father was a Pꝛinces Son,
 427 *Rich Englands* rule, woꝝlds onely terroꝝ hee,
 428 Foꝝ honours losse lest me with childe of thee :
 429 *Whose Sonne* thou art, then pardon me the rather,
 266 430 Foꝝ faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.
 431 *Philip*. Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I with thee ioy,
 432 By Sire a King, and I a landles Boy.
 433 Gods Ladie Mother, the woꝝld is in my debt,
 434 There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
 435 I marrie Sir, let me alone foꝝ game,
 436 Ile act some wonders now I know my name.
 437 By blessed *Marie* Ile not sell that pride
 438 Foꝝ *Englands* wealth, and all the woꝝld beside.
 439 Sit fast the proudest of my Fathers foes,
 440 Away good Mother, there the comfort goes. Exeunt.

<i>Bast.</i> A foot of Honor better then I was,	192
But many a many foot of Land the worfe.	193
Well, now can I make any <i>Ioane</i> a Lady,	194
Good den Sir <i>Richard</i> , Godamercy fellow,	195
And if his name be <i>George</i> , Ile call him <i>Peter</i> ;	196
For new made honor doth forget mens names :	197
'Tis two respectiue, and too sociable	198
For your conuersion, now your traueller,	199
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe,	200
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,	201
Why then I fucke my teeth, and catechize	202
My picked man of Countries : my deare fir,	203
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,	204
I shall beseech you ; that is question now,	205
And then comes answer like an Absey booke :	206
O fir, sayes answer, at your best command,	207
At your employment, at your seruice fir :	208
No fir, saies question, I sweet fir at yours,	209
And so ere answer knowes what question would,	210

Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,	211
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,	212
The Perennean and the riuer <i>Poe</i> ,	213
It drawes toward fupper in conclusion fo.	214
But this is worshipfull society,	215
And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe ;	216
For he is but a bastard to the time	217
That doth not fmoake of obseruation,	218
And fo am I whether I smacke or no :	219
And not alone in habit and deuice,	220
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement ;	221
But from the inward motion to deliuer	222
Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,	223
Which though I will not praëctice to deceiue,	224
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learne;	225
For it fhall ftrew the footsteps of my rifing :	226
But who comes in fuch hafte in riding robes ?	227
What woman poft is this? hath ſhe no husband	228
That will take paines to blow a horne before her ?	229
O me, 'tis my mother : how now good Lady,	230
What brings you heere to Court fo haftily ?	231

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney. 232

Lady. Where is that flaue thy brother? where is he? 233
That holds in chafe mine honour vp and downe. 234

Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* ſonne : 235
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man, 236
Is it Sir *Roberts* ſonne that you ſeeke ſo? 237

Lady. Sir *Roberts* ſonne, I thou vnreuerend boy, 238
Sir *Roberts* ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir *Robert*? 239
He is Sir *Roberts* ſonne, and ſo art thou. 240

Baſt. *Iames Gournie*, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while? 241

Gour. Good leaue good *Philip*. 242

Baſt. *Philip*, ſparrow, *Iames*, 243
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more. 244

Exit Iames. 245

Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* sonne, 246
 Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me 247
 Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his fast : 248
 Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confesse 249
 Could get me fir *Robert* could not doe it ; 250
 We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother 251
 To whom am I beholding for these limmes ? 252
 Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge. 253

Lady. Haft thou conspired with thy brother too, 254
 That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor ? 255
 What meanes this scorne, thou most vntoward knaue ? 256

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Bafilisco-like: 257
 What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my shoulder : 258
 But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* sonne, 259
 I haue disclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land, 260
 Legitimation, name, and all is gone ; 261
 Then good my mother, let me know my father, 262
 Some proper man I hope, who was it mother ? 263

Lady. Haft thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge* ? 264

Bast. As faithfully as I denie the deuill. 265

Lady. King *Richard Cordelion* was thy father, 266
 By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd 267
 To make roome for him in my husbands bed : 268
 Heauen lay not my transgression to my charge, 269
 That art the issue of my deere offence 270
 Which was so strongly vrg'd past my defence. 271

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe, 272
 Madam I would not wish a better father : 273
 Some finnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth, 274
 And so doth yours : your fault, was not your follie, 275
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose, 276
 Subiected tribute to commanding loue, 277
 Against whose furie and vnmatched force, 278
 The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight, 279
 Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand : 280
 He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts, 281

291 441 Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewes*, *Limoges*, *Con-*
 442 *stance*, and her sonne *Arthur*.

443 *King* Now gin we broach the title of thy claime
 444 Pong *Arthur* in the *Albion* Territories,
 445 Scaring proud *Angiers* with a puissant sledge :
 297 446 Braue *Austria*, cause of *Cordelions* death,

299 447 Is also come to aide thee in thy warres ;
 448 And all our forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
 449 And, but for causes of great consequence,
 450 Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
 451 Twice should not *Titan* hide him in the West,
 452 To coole the fetlocks of his wearie teame,
 453 Till I had with an vnresisted shock
 454 Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
 455 Or made a forget of my fame to Chaunce.

Arth. God shall forgiue you *Cordelions* death 304
 The rather, that you giue his off-spring life, 305
 Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre: 306

- 338 456 *Constance* May be that *Iohn* in conscience or in feare
 457 To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
 458 Will send such calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
 459 As shall rebate the edge of fearefull warres :
 340 460 If so, forbearance is a deede well done.
 461 *Arthur* Ah Mother, possession of a Crowne is much,
 462 And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
 463 For present vantage would aduenture farre.
 464 The world can witnes in his Brothers time,
 465 He tooke vpon him rule and almost raigne :
 466 Then must it follow as a doubtfull poynt,
 467 That hee'le resigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
 468 I rather thinke the menace of the world
 469 Sounds in his eares as threats of no esteeme,
 470 And sooner would he scozne *Europaes* power,
 471 Than lose the smallest title he enioyes ;
 472 For questionles he is an Englishman.

I giue you welcome with a powerlesse hand, 307
 But with a heart full of vnstained loue, 308
 Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke. 309

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right? 310

Auf. Vpon thy cheekes lay I this zelous kisse, 311
 As feale to this indenture of my loue: 312
 That to my home I will no more returne 313
 Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haft in *France*, 314
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore, 315
 Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides, 316
 And coopes from other lands her Ilanders, 317
 Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine, 318
 That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure 319
 And confident from forreine purposes, 320
 Euen till that vtmost corner of the West 321
 Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy 322
 Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes. 323

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks, 324
 Till your strong hand shall helpe to giue him strength, 325
 To make a more requitall to your loue. 326

473 *Lewes* Why are the English p'ereles in compare?
 474 *Braue* Cavaliers as ere that *I*land bred,
 475 Haue liude and dyde, and barbe and done inough,
 476 Yet neuer gracle their Countrey for the cause:
 477 *England is England*, y'elding good and bad,
 478 And *Iohn of England* is as other *Iohns*.
 479 Trust me yong *Arthur*, if thou like my r'ede,
 480 Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.

481 *Lymoges* The Englishman hath little cause *I* trow,
 482 To spend good speaches on so proud a foe.
 483 Why *Arthur* heres his spoyle that now is gon,
 484 Who when he liude outroude his Brother *Iohn*:
 485 But hastie cures that lie so long to catch,
 486 Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.
 487 But newes comes now, heres the Embassadour.
 342 488 Enter *Chattilion*.
 489 *K Philip* And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion*:
 490 What newes: will *Iohn* accoꝝd to our commaund.

347 491 *Chattilion* Be *I* not b'iefe to tell your Highnes all,

Aust. The peace of heauen is theirs y^t lift their fwords 327
In fuch a iuft and charitable warre. 328

King. Well, then to worke our Cannon fhall be bent 329
Againft the browes of this refifting towne, 330
Call for our cheefeft men of difcipline, 331
To cull the plots of beft aduantages : 332
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones, 333
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud, 334
But we will make it fubiect to this boy. 335

Con. Stay for an anfwer to your Embaffie, 336
Left vnaduis'd you ftaine your fwords with bloud, 337
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring 338
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre, 339
And then we fhall repent each drop of bloud, 340
That hot rafh hafte fo indirectly fhedde. 341

Enter Chattilion. 342

King. A wonder Lady : lo vpon thy wifh 343
Our Meflenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd, 344
What *England* faies, fay breiefely gentle Lord, 345
We coldly paufe for thee, *Chatilion* fpeake, 346

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry fiede, 347

492 He will approach to interrupt my tale:
 493 For one selfe bottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*.
 494 He on his part will try the chaunce of warre,
 495 And if his wordes inferre assured truth,
 496 Will loose himselfe and all his followers,
 497 Ere yeld vnto the least of your demaunds.
 498 The Mother Dukene she taketh on amaine
 499 Saint Ladie *Constance*, counting her the cause
 500 That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
 501 Coniuring *Arthur* with a Grandames care,
 502 To leaue his Mother; willing him submit
 503 His state to *Iohn* and her protection,
 504 Who (as she saith) are studious for his good:
 505 Noze circumstance the season intercepts:
 506 This is the summe, which briefly I haue showane.
 507 *K. Phil.* This bitter winde must nip some bodie's spring,
 508 Sodaine and brieft, why so, tis haruest weather.
 509 But say *Chartilion*, what persons of accompt are with him?
 510 *Chartilion* Of England Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salsbury*,
 511 The onely noted men of any name.

358 512 Next them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,
 513 A hardy wilde head, tough and venturous,
 514 With many other men of high resolute.
 355 515 Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother Queene,
 516 And *Blanch* her Niece daughter to the King of *Spaine*:
 365 517 These are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture.

And stirre them vp against a mightier taske :	348
<i>England</i> impatient of your iust demands,	349
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the aduerse windes	350
Whose leifure I haue staid, haue giuen him time	351
To land his Legions all as foone as I :	352
His marches are expedient to this towne,	353
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident :	354

With him along is come the Mother Queene,	355
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,	356
With her her Neece, the Lady <i>Blanch of Spaine</i> ,	357
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,	358
And all th'vnfettled humors of the Land,	359
Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,	360

With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,	361
Haue sold their fortunes at their natie homes,	362
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,	363
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere :	364
In briebe, a brauer choyse of dauntlesse spirits	365
Then now the <i>English</i> bottomes haue waft o're,	366
Did neuer flote vpon the swelling tide,	367
To doe offence and scathe in Christendome :	368

378 518 Enter *Iohn* & his followers, *Queene*, *Bastard*, *Earles*, &c

519 *K. Philip* He seemeth *Iohn* an ouer-daring spirit
 520 Effects some frenzie in thy rash approach,
 521 Treading my Confinnes with thy armed Troupes.
 522 I rather lookt for some submisſe reply
 523 Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
 524 To that which thou vniuſſly doſt vsurpe.
 384 525 *K Iohn* For that *Chattilion* can diſcharge you all,
 526 I liſt not plead my Title with my tongue.
 527 Nor came I hether with intent of wzong
 528 To *Fraunce* or ther, or any right of thine ;
 529 But in defence and purchaſe of my right,
 530 The Towne of *Angiers* : which thou dooſt begirt
 531 In the behalfe of Ladie *Conſtance* Sonne,
 532 Whereto no he no ſhe can lay iuſt claime.
 533 *Conſtance* Yes (faſe intruder) if that iuſt be iuſt,
 534 And headſtrong vsurpation put apart,
 535 *Arihur* my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,
 536 Without ambiguous ſhadow of diſcent,
 537 Is Soueraigne to the ſubſtance thou withholdſt.
 538 *Q. Elinor* Miſgouernd Goſſip, ſtaine to this reſort
 539 Occaſion of theſe vndecided iarres,
 540 I ſay (that know) to check thy vaine ſuppoſe,
 541 Thy Sonne hath naught to doo with that he claymes.

1623 *The life and death of King Iohn* 51

The interruption of their churlish drums 369

Cuts off more circumstance, they are at hand, 370

Drum beats. 371

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare. 372

Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition. 373

Aust. By how much vnexpected, by so much 374

We must awake indeuor for defence, 375

For courage mounteth with occasion, 376

Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd. 377

Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, 378

and others. 379

K.Iohn. Peace be to *France*: If *France* in peace permit 380

Our iust and lineall entrance to our owne; 381

If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heauen. 382

Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct 383

Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen. 384

- 493 542 For pzoofe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
 543 That barres the way he vꝛgeth by discent.
 496 544 *Constance* A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,
 545 Wherein the Diuell is an ouerſeer,
 546 And pzoud dame *Elnor* ſole Executrefſe:
 547 Moze wills than ſo, on perill of my ſoule,
 548 Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.
 549 *Arthur* But ſay there was, as ſure there can be none,
 550 The law intends ſuch teſtaments as boyd,
 551 Where right diſcent can no way be impeacht.
 552 *Q. Elinor* Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
 553 To ſoare with perill after *Icarus*,
 554 And truſt me yongling for the Fathers ſake,
 555 I pitie much the hazard of thy youth.
 556 *Constance* Beſtrew you els how pitifull you are,
 557 Readie to weepe to heare him aſke his owne;
 558 Soprow betide ſuch Grandames and ſuch grieve,
 559 That miniſter a poyſon for pure loue.
 560 But who ſo blinde, as cannot ſee this beame,
 561 That you forſooth would keepe your couſin downe,
 562 For feare his Mother ſhould be vſde too well?
 563 I theres the grieve, confuſion catch the bzaine,
 564 That hammers ſhifts to ſtop a Princes raigne.
 474 565 *Q. Elinor* Impatient, frantike, common ſlanderer,
 566 Immodest Dame, vnnurtred quarreller,
 567 I tell thee I, not enuie to thy Son,
 568 But iuſtice makes me ſpeake as I haue don.

<i>Fran.</i> Peace be to <i>England</i> , if that warre returne	385
From <i>France</i> to <i>England</i> , there to liue in peace :	386
<i>England</i> we loue, and for that <i>Englands</i> sake,	387
With burden of our armor heere we sweat :	388
This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine ;	389
But thou from louing <i>England</i> art so farre,	390
That thou hast vnder-wrought his lawfull King,	391
Cut off the sequence of posterity,	392
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape	393

408 569 *K. Philip* But heres no pꝛoof that shewes your son a King.

570 *K. Iohn.* What wants, my sword shal moꝛe at large set down.

Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne : 394
 Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face, 395
 These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his ; 396
 This little abstræct doth containe that large, 397
 Which died in *Geffrey* : and the hand of time, 398
 Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume: 399
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne, 400
 And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right, 401
 And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God : 402
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King, 403
 When liuing blood doth in these temples beat 404
 Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-mastereſt ? 405

K.Iohn. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion 406
 To draw my anſwer from thy Articles? (*France,* 407

Fra. Frõ that ſupernal Iudge that ſtirs good thoughts 408
 In any beaſt of ſtrong authoritie, 409
 To looke into the blots and ſtaines of right, 410
 That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy, 411
 Vnder whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong, 412
 And by whoſe helpe I meane to chaſtiſe it. 413

K.Iohn. Alack thou doſt vſurpe authoritie. 414

Fran. Excuse it is to beat vſurping downe. 415

Queen. Who is it thou doſt call vſurper *France*? 416

Conſt. Let me make anſwer : thy vſurping ſonne. 417

Queen. Out inſolent, thy baſtard ſhall be King, 418
 That thou maiſt be a Queen, and checke the world. 419

Con. My bed was euer to thy ſonne as true 420

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy 421

Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey* 422

Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like, 423

As raine to water, or deuill to his damme ; 424

My boy a baſtard ? by my ſoule I thinke 425

His father neuer was ſo true begot, 426

It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother. (ther 427

Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa- 428

571 *Lewes* But that may breake befoze the truth be knowne.
 572 *Bastard* Then this may hold till all his right be showne.

573 *Lymoges* Good words sir sauce, your betters are in place.
 574 *Bastard* Not you sir doughcie with your Lions case.

440 575 *Blanch* Ah ioi betide his soule, to whom that spoile belögd
 576 *Ah Richard* how thy glozie here is wzongd.
 577 *Lymoges* He thinkes that *Richards* pzide, & *Richards* fall,
 578 Should be a pzesident t'affright you all.
 579 *Bastard* What words are these! how doo my sinewes shake?
 580 My fathers foe clad in my fathers spoyle,
 581 A thousand furies kindle with reuendge,
 582 This hart that choller keepes a consistozie,
 583 Hearing my inwards with a bzand of hate:
 584 How doth *Aleöto* whisper in mine eares!
 585 Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine straight,
 586 Disrobe him of the matchles moniment
 587 Thy fathers triumph oze the Sauages,
 588 Base heardgroomes, coward, peasant, worse than a thyzeshing
 589 slaue,
 590 What makst thou with the Trophei of a King?
 591 Shamst thou not coyftrell, loathsome dunghill swad,
 592 To grace thy carkasse with an oznamment
 593 Too pzecious for a Monarchs couerture?
 594 Scarce can I temper due obedience
 595 Unto the pzesence of my Soueraigne,
 596 From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
 597 But arme thee traytoz, wzonger of renowne,

1623	<i>The life and death of King Iohn</i>	57
	<i>Const.</i> There's a good grandame boy	429
	That would blot thee.	430
	<i>Aust.</i> Peace.	431
	<i>Bast.</i> Heare the Cryer.	432
	<i>Aust.</i> What the deuill art thou ?	433
	<i>Bast.</i> One that wil play the deuill fir with you,	434
	And a may catch your hide and you alone:	435
	You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes	436
	Whofe valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard ;	437
	Ile fmoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,	438
	Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.	439
	<i>Blan.</i> O well did he become that Lyons robe,	440
	That did difrobe the Lion of that robe.	441
	<i>Bast.</i> It lies as fightly on the backe of him	442
	As great <i>Alcides</i> shooes vpon an Affe:	443
	But Affe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,	444
	Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.	445

- 598 For by his soule I sweare, my Fathers soule,
 599 Twice will I not reuiue the Moynings rise,
 444 600 Till I haue tozne that Trophei from thy back,
 601 And split thy heart, for wearing it so long.
 602 *Philip* hath swozne, and if it be not done,
 603 Let not the world repute me *Richards* Sonne.
 604 *Lymoges* pay soft sir Bastard, harts are not split so soone,
 605 Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win :
 606 And take this lesson at thy foemans hand,
 607 Patone not thy life, to get thy Fathers skin.
 608 *Blanch* Well may the world speake of his knightly valor,
 609 That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.
 610 *Bastard* Ill may I thziue, and nothing brooke with mee,
 611 If thortly I present it not to thee.
 612 *K. Philip* Lordings forbear, soztme is comming fast,
 613 That deedes may trie what woꝝds cannot determine,
 614 And to the purpose for the cause you come.
 615 He seemes you set right in chaunce of warre,
 616 Yeelding no other reasons for your claime,
 617 But so and so, because it shall be so.
 618 So wzong thal be suboznd by trust of strength :
 619 A Tyrants pzactize to inuestt himselte,
 620 Where weake resistance giueth wzong the way.
 621 To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,
 622 I in the right of *Arthur Geffreys* Sonne,
 623 Am come befoze this Citie of *Angiers*,
 624 To barre all other false supposed clayme,
 625 From whence oꝝ howsoere the erroꝝ springs.
 626 And in his quarrell on my Princely woꝝd,
 627 Ile fight it out vnto the latestt man.
 628 *Iohn* Know King of *Fraunce*, I will not be commaunded
 629 By any power oꝝ Prince in Chzistendome,
 630 To yeeld an instance how I hold mine owne,
 631 Moze than to answere, that mine owne is mine.
 632 But wilt thou see me parley with the Towne,
 633 And heare them offer me alleageance,
 634 Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

Aust. What cracker is this fame that deafes our eares 446
With this abundance of superfluous breath? 447
King *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait. 448

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference. 449
King *Iohn*, this is the very fumme of all : 450
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*, 451
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee : 452
Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy *Armes*? 453

Iohn. My life as soone : I doe defie thee *France*, 454
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand, 455
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more, 456
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win ; 457
Submit thee boy. 458

Queen. Come to thy grandame child. 459

Conf. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe, 460
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will 461
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge, 462
There's a good grandame. 463

Arthur. Good my mother peace, 464
I would that I were low laid in my graue, 465
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes. 466

Qu. Mo. His mother shames him so, poore boy hee 467

Con. Now shame vpon you where she does or no, 468
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames 469
Drawes those heauen-mouing pearles from his poor eies, 470
Which heauen shall take in nature of a fee: 471
I, with these Christall beads heauen shall be brib'd 472
To doe him Iustice, and reuenge on you. 473

Qu. Thou monstrous slanderer of heauen and earth. 474

Con. Thou monstrous Iniurer of heauen and earth, 475
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine vsurpe 476
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights 477
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne, 478
Infortunate in nothing but in thee: 479
Thy finnes are visited in this poore childe, 480
The Canon of the Law is laide on him, 481
Being but the second generation 482
Remoued from thy sinne-conceiuing wombe. 483

Iohn. Bedlam haue done. 484

Con. I haue but this to say, 485
That he is not onely plagued for her sin, 486
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague 487
On this remoued issue, plagued for her, 488
And with her plague her sinne: his iniury 489
Her iniurie the Beadle to her sinne, 490
All punish'd in the person of this childe, 491
And all for her, a plague vpon her. 492

Que. Thou vnaduised scold, I can produce 493
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne. 494

500 635 *K. Philip* Summon them, I will not beleuee it till I see
636 it, and when I see it I'll soone change it.

508 637 They summon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the
638 walls.

508 639 *K. Iohn* You men of Angiers, and as I take it my loyall

640 Subiects, I haue summoned you to the walls: to dispute on
641 my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am
642 perswaded you are not. In few words, our Brothers Sonne,
643 backt with the King of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your Towne
644 vpon a false pretended title to the same: in defence whereof
645 I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from
646 the Usurper, to free your intended seruitude, and utterly to
647 supplant the foemen, to my right & your rest. Say then, who
648 who keepe you the Towne for?

Con. I who doubts that, a Will : a wicked will, 495
 A womans will, a cankred Grandams will. 496
Fra. Peace Lady, pause, or be more temperate, 497
 It ill befeemes this prefence to cry ayme 498
 To these ill-tuned repetitions : 499
 Some Trumpet fummon hither to the walles 500
 These men of Angiers, let vs heare them speake, 501
 Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*. 502

Trumpet sounds. 503

Enter a Citizen vpon the walles. 504

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles ? 505

Fra. 'Tis France, for England. 506

Iohn. England for it selfe : 507

You men of Angiers, and my louing subiects. 508

Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* subiects, 509

Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle. 510

Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs first : 511

These flagges of France that are aduanced heere 512

Before the eye and prospect of your Towne, 513

Haue hither march'd to your endamagement. 514

The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath, 515

And ready mounted are they to spit forth 516

Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles : 517

All preparation for a bloody fiedge 518

And merciles proceeding, by these French. 519

Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates : 520

And but for our approach, those sleeping stones, 521

That as a waste doth girdle you about 522

By the compulsion of their Ordinance, 523

By this time from their fixed beds of lime 524

Had bin dishabited, and wide hauocke made 525

For bloody power to rush vpon your peace. 526

But on the fight of vs your lawfull King, 527

Who painefully with much expedient march 528

Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates, 529

To faue vnscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes :	530
Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parole,	531
And now insteed of bulletts wrapt in fire	532
To make a shaking feuer in your walles,	533
They shoote but calme words, folded vp in smoake,	534
To make a faithlesse error in your eares,	535
Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,	536
And let vs in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits	537
Fore-wearied in this action of swift speede,	538
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.	539
<i>France.</i> When I haue saide, make answer to vs both.	540
Loe in this right hand, whose protection	541
Is most diuinely vow'd vpon the right	542
Of him it holds, stands yong <i>Plantagenet</i> ,	543
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,	544
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes :	545
For this downe-troden equity, we tread	546
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,	547
Being no further enemy to you	548
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale,	549
In the releefe of this oppressed childe,	550
Religiously prouokes. Be pleased then	551
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,	552
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,	553
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,	554
Saue in aspect, hath all offence seal'd vp :	555
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent	556
Against th'inuoluerable clouds of heauen,	557
And with a blessed and vn-vext retyre,	558
With vnhack'd fwords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,	559
We will beare home that lustie blood againe,	560
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,	561
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.	562
But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,	563
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,	564
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,	565

649

Citizen For our lawfull King.

- 574 650 *Iohn* I was no lesse perswaded : then in Gods name open
 651 your gates, and let me enter.
 652 *Citizen* And it please your Highnes we comptroll not your
 653 title, neither will we rashly admit your entrance : if you bee
 654 lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vse, if not
 655 King, our rashnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more
 656 considerate triall : we answere not as men lawles, but to the
 657 behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.
 658 *Iohn* I shall not come in then ?

659

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more.

- 586 660 *K. Philip* Then heare me speake in the behalfe of *Arthur*
 661 *Sonne* of *Geffrey* elder Brother to *Iohn*, his title manifest
 662 without contradiction to the Crowne and Kingdome of *Eng-*
 663 *land*, with *Angiers* and diuers Townes on this side the sea :
 664 will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who speaketh in
 665 my word to intertaine you with all fauours as becometh a
 666 King to his subiects, or a friend to his wel-willers : or stand
 667 to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by
 668 the sword.
 587 669 *Citizen* We answere as befoze till you haue prooued one
 670 right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himselfe our

1623	<i>The life and death of King Iohn</i>	67
	Though all these English, and their discipline	566
	Were harbour'd in their rude circumference :	567
	Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,	568
	In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?	569
	Or shall we giue the signall to our rage,	570
	And stalke in blood to our possession?	571
	<i>Cit.</i> In breefe, we are the King of Englands subiects	572
	For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.	573
	<i>Iohn.</i> Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.	574
	<i>Cit.</i> That can we not : but he that proues the King	575
	To him will we proue loyall, till that time	576
	Haue we ramm'd vp our gates against the world.	577
	<i>Iohn.</i> Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the	578
	King?	579
	And if not that, I bring you Witnesses	580
	Twice fiftene thousand hearts of Englands breed.	581
	<i>Bast.</i> Bastards and else.	582
	<i>Iohn.</i> To verifie our title with their liues.	583
	<i>Fran.</i> As many and as well-borne bloods as those.	584
	<i>Bast.</i> Some Bastards too.	585
	<i>Fran.</i> Stand in his face to contradict his claime.	586
	<i>Cit.</i> Till you compound whose right is worthiest,	587
	We for the worthiest hold the right from both.	588

- 671 Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme subiects, and for
 672 him, and in his right we hold our Towne as desirous to know
 673 the truth as loath to subscribe befoze we knowe : More than
 674 this we cannot say, and more than this we dare not doo.
 675 *K.Philip* Then Iohn I| defie thee in the name and behalfe
 676 of *Arthur Plantaginet* thy King and cousin, whose right and
 677 patrimonie thou detainest, as I doubt not ere the day ende in
 678 a set battell make thee confesse ; whereunto with a zeale to
 679 right I challenge thee.
 589 680 *K.Iohn* I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to
 681 thy throate.

- 682 Excursions. The Bastard chafeth *Lymoges* the Austrich
 683 Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

- 684 *Bastard* And art thou gone, misfortune haunt thy steps,
 685 And chill colde feare assaile thy times of rest.
 686 *Morpheus* leaue here thy silent Eban caue,
 687 Besiedge his thoughts with dismall fantasies,
 688 And ghastly objects of pale threathning *Mors*.

<i>Iohn.</i> Then God forgiue the sinne of all those foules,	589
That to their euerlasting residence,	590
Before the dew of euening fall, shall fleete	591
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King	592
<i>Fran.</i> Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.	593
<i>Bast.</i> Saint <i>George</i> that swindg'd the Dragon,	594
And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore	595
Teach vs some fence. Sirrah, were I at home	596
At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,	597
I would fet an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:	598
And make a monster of you.	599
<i>Aust.</i> Peace, no more.	600
<i>Bast.</i> O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.	601
<i>Iohn.</i> Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l fet forth	602
In best appointment all our Regiments.	603
<i>Bast.</i> Speed then to take aduantage of the field.	604
<i>Fra.</i> It shall be so, and at the other hill	605
Command the rest to stand, God and our right.	606
<i>Exeunt</i>	607

689 Affright him euery minute with fearne looks
 690 Let shadowe temper terroz in his thoughts,
 691 And let the terroz make the coward mad,
 692 And in his madnes let him feare pursue,
 693 And so in frenzie let the peasant die.
 694 Here is the ransome that allayes his rage,
 695 The first freehold that *Richard* left his sonne :
 696 With which I shall surprize his liuing foes,
 697 As *Hectors* statue did the fainting *Greekes*. Exit.

608 698 Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of
 699 *Angiers* : they summon the Towne.

700 *Eng. Herold Iohn* by the grace of God King of England,
 701 Lord of Ireland, *Aniou*, *Toraine*, &c. demaundeth once againe
 702 vp you his subiects of *Angiers*, if you will quietly surrender
 703 by the Towne into his hands :
 610 704 *Fr. Herold Philip* by the grace of God King of Fraunce, de-
 705 maundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of Britaine, if you
 706 will surrender vp the Towne into his hands, to the vse of the
 707 said *Arthur*.

Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France 608
with Trumpets to the gates. 609

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates, 610
 And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in, 611
 Who by the hand of France, this day hath made 612
 Much worke for teares in many an English mother, 613
 Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground : 614
 Many a widdowes husband groueling lies, 615
 Coldly embracing the discoloured earrh, 616
 And victorie with little losse doth play 617
 Vpon the dancing banners of the French, 618
 Who are at hand triumphantly displayed 619
 To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime 620
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours. 621

Enter English Herald with Trumpet. 622

E. Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells, 623
 King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach, 624
 Commander of this hot malicious day, 625
 Their Armourrs that march'd hence so filuer bright, 626
 Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood : 627
 There stucke no plume in any English Crest, 628

636 708 *Citizens* Herrolds goe tell the two victorious Princes,
709 that we the poore Inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parle of
710 their Maiesties.

711 *Herolds* We goe.

646 712 Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blaunch*, *Bastard*, *Ly-*
713 *moges*, *Lewes*, *Castilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Constance*,
714 and *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*.

That is remoued by a staffe of France : 629
 Our colours do returne in those same hands 630
 That did display them when we first marcht forth : 631
 And like a iolly troope of Huntſmen come 632
 Our luſtie Engliſh, all with purpled hands, 633
 Dide in the dying ſlaughter of their foes, 634
 Open your gates, and giue the Victors way. 635
Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold 636
 From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retyre 637
 Of both your Armies, whoſe equality 638
 By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured : (blowes : 639
 Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue anſwerd 640
 Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted 641
 power, 642
 Both are alike, and both alike we like : 643
 One muſt proue greateſt. While they weigh ſo euen, 644
 We hold our Towne for neither : yet for both. 645

Enter the two Kings with their powers, 646
at ſeueral doores. 647

Iohn. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away? 648
 Say, ſhall the currant of our right rome on, 649
 Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment, 650
 Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore-ſwell 651
 with courſe diſturb'd euen thy confining ſhores, 652
 Vnleſſe thou let his ſiluer Water, keepe 653
 A peacefull progreſſe to the Ocean. 654

Fra. England thou haſt not ſau'd one drop of blood 655
 In this hot triall more then we of France, 656
 Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſweare 657
 That ſwayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes, 658
 Before we will lay downe our iuſt-borne Armes, 659
 Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainſt whom theſe Armes wee 660
 Or adde a royall number to the dead : (beare, 661

- 675 715 *Iohn.* Herold, what answere doo the Townsmen send?
 716 *Philip* Will Angiers yeld to *Philip* King of Fraunce,
 717 *En. Her.* The Townsmen on the wals accept your Grace.
 718 *Fr. Her.* And craue a parley of your Maiestie.
 719 *Iohn* You Citizens of Angiers, haue your eyes
 720 Beheld the slaughter that our English bowes
 721 haue made vpon the coward fraudfull French:
 722 And haue you wisely pondzed therewithall
 723 Your gaine in yelding to the English King:
 724 *Philip* Their losse in yelding to the English King.
 725 But *Iohn*, they saw from out their highest Towers
 726 The Cheualiers of Fraunce and crossebow shot
 727 Make lanes of slaughtered bodies through thine hoast,
 728 And are resolute to yelde to *Arthurs* right.
 729 *Iohn* Why *Philip*, though thou brauest it foze the walls,
 730 Thy conscience knowes that *Iohn* hath wonne the field.
 731 *Philip* What ere my conscience knowes, thy Armie feeles
 732 That *Philip* had the better of the day.
 733 *Bastard Philip* indeede hath got the Lyons case,
 734 Which here he holds to *Lymoges* disgrace.
 735 Base Duke to flye and leaue such spoyles behinde:
 736 But this thou knewst of foze to make mee stay.
 737 It farde with thee as with the marriner,

Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres loffe, 662
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings. 663

Bast. Ha Maiefty : how high thy glory towres, 664
When the rich blood of kings is fet on fire : 665

Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele, 666

The fwords of fouldiers are his teeth, his phangs, 667

And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men 668

In vndetermin'd differences of kings. 669

Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus : 670

Cry hauocke kings, backe to the stained field 671

You equall Potents, fierie kindled spirits, 672

Then let confusion of one part confirm 673

The others peace : till then, blowes, blood, and death. 674

Iohn. Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit ? 675

- 738 Spying the hugie Whale, whose monstrosbulke
 739 Doth beare the waues like mountaines foze the winde,
 740 That thzowes out emptie vessells, so to stay
 741 His furie, while the ship doth saile away.
 742 *Philip* tis thine : and foze this Princely presence,
 743 Madame I humbly lay it at your feete,
 744 Being the first aduenture I atchieud,
 745 And first exployt your Grace did enioyne :
 746 Yet many moze I long to be enioynd.
 747 *Blaunch Philip* I take it, and I thee commaund
 748 To weare the same as earst thy Father did :
 749 Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
 750 Vncourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.
 676 751 *Arthur* Ye Citizens of *Angiers*, are ye mute?
 752 *Arthur* o? *Iohn*, say which shall be your King?

 753 *Citizen* We care not which, if once we knew the right,
 754 But till we know we will not yeeld our right.

- 755 *Bastard* Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie Kings,
 756 As are the Kings of *England* and of *Fraunce*,
 698 757 He would aduise your Graces to vnite
 758 And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,
 759 Pulling their battered walls about their eares.
 702 760 The Towne once wonne then striue about the claime,
 761 For they are minded to delude you both.

Fra. Speeke Citizens for England, whose your king. 676

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king. 677

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right. 678

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie, 679

And beare possession of our Person heere, 680

Lord of our prefence Angiers, and of you. 681

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this, 682

And till it be vndoubted, we do locke 683

Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates : 684

Kings of our feare, vntill our feares resolu'd 685

Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd. 686

Bast. By heauen, these scroyles of Angiers flout you 687

And stand securely on their battlements, (kings, 688

As in a Theater, whence they gape and point 689

At your industrious Scenes and acts of death. 690

Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee, 691

Do like the Mutines of Ierusalem, 692

Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend 693

Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne. 694

By East and West let France and England mount.	695
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,	696
Till their soule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe	697
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,	698
I'de play incessantly vpon these Iades,	699
Euen till vnfenced desolation	700
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre :	701
That done, disseuer your vnited strengths,	702
And part your mingled colours once againe,	703
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:	704
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth	705
Out of one side her happy Minion,	706
To whom in fauour she shall giue the day,	707
And kisse him with a glorious victory :	708
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,	709
Smackes it not something of the policie.	710
<i>Iohn.</i> Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,	711
I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,	712
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,	713
Then after fight who shall be king of it ?	714
<i>Bast.</i> And if thou hast the mettle of a king,	715
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuish Towne :	716
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,	717
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,	718
And when that we haue dash'd them to the ground,	719
Why then desie each other, and pell-mell,	720
Make worke vpon our selues, for heauen or hell.	721
<i>Fra.</i> Let it be so : say, where will you assault ?	722
<i>Iohn.</i> We from the West will send destruction	723
Into this Cities bosome.	724
<i>Aust.</i> I from the North.	725
<i>Fran.</i> Our Thunder from the South,	726
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.	727
<i>Bast.</i> O prudent discipline ! From North to South :	728
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.	729
Ile firre them to it : Come, away, away.	730

- 731 762 *Citizen* Kings, Princes, Lords & Knights assembled here,
 763 The Citizens of *Angiers* all by me
 764 Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake :
 765 And as you like the motion they shall make,
 766 So to account and follow their aduice.
- 737 767 *Iohn. Philip.* Speake on, we giue thee leaue.
 768 *Citizen* Then thus : whereas that yong & lustie knight
 769 Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
 770 The motion cannot choose but please the good,
 771 And such as loue the quiet of the State.
 772 But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit ?
 773 Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
 774 And fill the world with brauoles and mutinies :
 775 But vnto peace your forces should be knit
 776 To liue in Princely league and amitie :
- 764 777 Doe this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way
 778 And stand wide open to your harts content.
 779 To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
 780 Remains one onely honorable meanes,
 781 Which by your pardon I shall here display.
 782 Lewes the Dolphin and the heire of *Fraunce*,
 783 A man of noted valor thzough the world,
 784 Is yet vnmarried : let him take to wife
- 738 785 The beauteous daughter of the King of *Spaine*,
 786 Peere to *L. Iohn*, the louely *Ladie Blanche*,
 787 Begotten on his Sister *Elleanor*.
 788 With her in marriage will her vnckle giue
 789 Castles and Towers as fitteth such a match.
 790 The Kings thus ioyned in league of perfect loue,
 791 They may so deale with *Arthur Duke of Britaine*,
 792 Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,
 793 As he shall stand contented euerie way.
 794 Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
 795 Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
 796 And as vpon conditions you agree,

<i>Hub.</i> Heare vs great kings, vouchsafe awhile to stay	731
And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league :	732
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,	733
Rescue those breathing liues to dye in beds,	734
That heere come sacrifices for the field.	735
Perseuer not, but heare me mighty kings.	736
<i>Iohn.</i> Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.	737
<i>Hub.</i> That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady <i>Blanch</i>	738
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres	739
Of <i>Lewes</i> the Dolphin, and that louely maid.	740
If lustie loue should go in quest of beautie,	741
Where should he finde it fairer, then in <i>Blanch</i> :	742
If zealous loue should go in search of vertue,	743
Where should he finde it purer then in <i>Blanch</i> ?	744
If loue ambitious, sought a match offbirth,	745
Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady <i>Blanch</i> ?	746
Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,	747
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,	748
If not compleat of, say he is not shee,	749
And she againe wants nothing; to name want,	750
If want it be not, that she is not hee :	751
He is the halfe part of a blessed man,	752
Left to be finished by such as shee,	753
And she a faire diuided excellence,	754
Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.	755
O two such siluer currents when they ioyne	756
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in :	757
And two such shores, to two such streames made one,	758
Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,	759
To these two Princes, if you marrie them:	760
This Vnion shall do more then batterie can	761
To our fast closed gates : for at this match,	762
With swifter spleene then powder can enforce	763
The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,	764
And giue you entrance : but without this match,	765
The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,	766

797 So shall we stand content to yeeld the Towne.

798 *Arthur* A proper peace, if such a motion hold ;
 799 These Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
 800 And they shall share my lands to make them friends.
 784 801 *Q Elianor Sonne Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou louest
 802 thy mother,
 803 Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing :
 804 *Lewes* shall haue my peece, and then be sure
 788 805 *Arthur* shall haue small succour out of *Fraunce*.

806 *John Brother of Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens :
 807 Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.
 808 *Constance* Why *Iohn*, what canst thou giue vnto thy peece,
 809 That hast no foote ofland, but *Arthurs* right :

Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes 767
 More free from moion, no not death himselfe 768
 In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie, 769
 As we to keepe this Citie. 770

Bast. Heeres a stay, 771
 That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death 772
 Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede, 773
 That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas, 774
 Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons, 775
 As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges. 776
 What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood, 777
 He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce, 778
 He giues the bastinado with his tongue : 779
 Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his 780
 But buffets better then a fist of France : 781
 Zounds, I was neuer so bethumpt with words, 782
 Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad. 783

Old Qu. Son, list to this coniunction, make this match 784
 Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough, 785
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye 786
 Thy now vnfur'd assurance to the Crowne, 787
 That yon greene boy shall haue no Sunne to ripe 788
 The bloome that promifeth a mightie fruite. 789
 I see a yeelding in the lookes of France : 790
 Marke how they whisper, vrge them while their foules 791
 Are capeable of this ambition, 792
 Least zeale now melted by the windie breath 793
 Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse, 794
 Coole and congeale againe to what it was. 795

- 811 810 Lewes Wy? Ladie Citizens, I like your choyce,
 811 A louely Damsell is the Ladie *Blanche*,
 812 Worthe the heire of *Europe* for her pheere.
 813 *Constance* What Kings, why stand you gazing in a trance?
 814 Why how now Lords? accursed Citizens
 815 To fill and tickle their ambieious eares,
 816 With hope of gaine, that springs from *Arthurs* losse.
 817 Some dismall Plannet at thy birthday raignd,
 818 For now I see the fall of all thy hopes.
 819 *K. Philip* Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
 820 The King of *Fraunce* respects his honoz moze,
 821 Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
 822 Princesse of *Spaine*, could you affect my Sonne,
 823 If we vpon conditions could agree:
 824 Bastard Swounds *Adam*, take an English Gentleman:
 825 Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match.
 826 Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
 827 That Lady *Blanch* should bying me wealth inough,
 828 And make me heire of stoze of English land.
 829 *Q. Elinor* Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wise,
 830 We must with pollicie compound this strife.
 831 Bastard If Lewes get her, well, I say no moze:
 832 But let the frolicke Freuchman take no scozne,
 833 If *Philip* front him with an English hozne.
 839 834 *Iohn* Ladie, what answere make you to the King of *France*?
 835 Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?
 836 *Blanch* I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
 837 To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
 838 But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
 839 Least being too too forward in the cause,
 840 It may be blemish to my modestie.
 841 *Q. Elinor* Sonne *Iohn*, and worthe *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*,
 842 Doo you confer awhile about the Dowry,
 843 And I will schoole my modest Peere so well,
 844 That she shall yeld assoone as you haue done.
 845 *Constance* I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,

846 Why fye I not vpon the Weldames face,
 847 And with my nayles pull forth her hatefull eyes.
 848 *Arthur* Swete Mother cease these hastie madding fits :
 849 For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
 850 O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
 851 I could affoord it to appease these boyles.
 852 But mother let vs wisely winke at all :
 853 Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speech.

798 854 *Philip* Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
 855 Unto my Sonne in marriage with thy Preece?
 802 856 *Iohn* First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*
 857 To be so great as may content a King :
 858 But moze to mend and amplifie the same,
 860 859 I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.
 860 For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.

847 861 *Philip* Then I demaund *Volqueffon*, *Torain*, *Main*,
 848 862 *Poiters* and *Aniou*, these fve Prouinces,
 863 Which thou as King of *England* holdst in *Fraunce* :
 864 Then shall our peace be soone concluded on.
 865 *Bastard* No lesse than fve such Prouinces at once?
 866 *Iohn* Mother what shall I doo? my brother got these lands
 867 With much effusion of our English bloud :
 868 And shall I giue it all away at once :
 869 *Q. Elinor Iohn* giue it him, so shalt thou liue in peace,
 870 And keepe the residue sanz ieopardie.

<i>Hub.</i> Why answer not the double Maiefties,	796
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.	797
<i>Fra.</i> Speake England firft, that hath bin forward firft	798
To ſpeake vnto this Cittie : what ſay you ?	799
<i>Iohn.</i> If that the Dolphin there thy Princely ſonne,	800
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue :	801
Her Dowrie ſhall weigh equall with a Queene :	802
For <i>Angiers</i> , and faire <i>Toraine Maine</i> , <i>Poyctiers</i> ,	803
And all that we vpon this fide the Sea,	804
(Except this Cittie now by vs beſiedg'd)	805
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,	806
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich	807
In titles, honors, and promotions,	808
As ſhe in beautie, education, blood,	809
Holdes hand with any Princeſſe of the world.	810

<i>Fra.</i> What ſai'ſt thou boy ? looke in the Ladies face.	811
<i>Dol.</i> I do my Lord, and in her eie I find	812
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,	813

871 *Ion Philip* bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Peere,
872 And here in mariage I doo giue with her
849 873 From me and my Successors English Kings,

The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye, 814
 Which being but the shadow of your sonne, 815
 Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow: 816
 I do protest I neuer lou'd my selfe 817
 Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe, 818
 Drawne in the flattering table of her eie. 819

Whispers with Blanch. 820

Blas. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie, 821
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow, 822
 And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie 823
 Himselfe loues traytor, this is pittie now ; 824
 That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be 825
 In such a loue, so vile a Lout as he, 826

Blan. My vnckles will in this respect is mine, 827
 If he see ought in you that makes him like, 828
 That any thing he see's which moues his liking, 829
 I can with ease translate it to my will : 830
 Or if you will, to speake more properly, 831
 I will enforce it easlie to my loue. 832
 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord, 833
 That all I see in you is worthie loue, 834
 Then this, that nothing do I see in you, 835
 Though churlish thoughts themselues should bee your 836
 Iudge, 837
 That I can finde, should merit any hate. 838

Iohn. What saie these yong-ones? What say you my 839
 Neece? 840

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do 841
 What you in wisedome still vouchsafe to say. 842

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this 843
 Ladie ? 844

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue, 845
 For I doe loue her most vnfaignedly. 846

Iohn. Then do I giue *Volqueffen, Toraine, Maine,* 847
Poytiers, and *Aniow,* these fīue Prouinces 848
 With her to thee, and this addition more, 849

847 874 *Volquesson, Poitiers, Aniou, Torain, Main,*
 850 875 *And thirtie thousand markes of stipend coyne.*
 876 *How Citizens, how like you of this match :*
 877 *Citizen The ioy to see so swete a peace begun.*
 878 *Lewes Lewes with Blanch shall euer liue content.*
 879 *But now King Iohn, what say you to the Duke ?*
 880 *Father, speake as you may in his behalfe.*

881 *Philip K.Iohn, be good vnto thy Nephewhere,*
 882 *And giue him some what that shall please thee best.*

872 883 *Iohn Arthur, although thou troublest Englands peace :*
 884 *Yet here I giue thee Brittain for thine owne,*
 885 *Together with the Carledome of Richmont,*
 873 886 *And this rich Citie of Angiers withall.*

Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne :	850
<i>Phillip</i> of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,	851
Command thy sonne and daughtert to ioyn hands.	852

<i>Fra.</i> It likes vs well young Princes : close your hands	853
---	-----

<i>Aust.</i> And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,	854
--	-----

That I did so when I was first assur'd.	855
---	-----

<i>Fra.</i> Now Cittizens of Angiers ope your gates,	856
--	-----

Let in that amitie which you haue made,	857
---	-----

For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,	858
---	-----

The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.	859
--	-----

Is not the Ladie <i>Constance</i> in this troope ?	860
--	-----

I know she is not for this match made vp,	861
---	-----

Her prefence would haue interrupted much.	862
---	-----

Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes ?	863
---	-----

<i>Dol.</i> She is sad and pafsionate at your highnes Tent.	864
---	-----

<i>Fra.</i> And by my faith, this league that we haue made	865
--	-----

Will giue her sadnesse very little cure :	866
---	-----

Brother of England, how may we content	867
--	-----

This widdow Lady ? In her right we came,	868
--	-----

Which we God knowes, haue turn d another way,	869
---	-----

To our owne vantage.	870
----------------------	-----

<i>Iohn.</i> We will heale vp all,	871
------------------------------------	-----

For wee'l create yong <i>Arthur</i> Duke of Britaine	872
--	-----

And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne	873
--	-----

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady <i>Constance.</i>	874
--	-----

Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire	875
---------------------------------------	-----

To our solemnity : I trust we shall,	876
--------------------------------------	-----

(If not fill vp the measure of her will)	877
--	-----

Yet in some measure satisfie her so,	878
--------------------------------------	-----

That we shall stop her exclamation,	879
-------------------------------------	-----

Go we as well as haft will suffer vs,	880
---------------------------------------	-----

To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe.	881
--	-----

Exeunt.

- 887 *Q. Elianor* And if thou seeke to please thine Uncle *Iohn*,
888 Shalt see my Sonne how I will make of thee.
889 *Iohn* Now every thing is sorted to this end,
890 Lets in and there prepare the mariage rites,
891 Which in *S. Maries* Chappell presently
892 Shalbe performed ere this Presence part. Exeunt.

<i>Bast.</i> Mad world, mad kings, mad composition :	882
<i>Iohn</i> to stop <i>Arthurs</i> Title in the whole,	883
Hath willingly departed with a part,	884
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,	885
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,	886
As Gods owne fouldier, rounded in the eare,	887
With that same purpose-changer, that flye diuel,	888
That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,	889
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,	890
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,	891
Who hauing no externall thing to loose,	892
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.	893
That smoothe-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,	894
Commoditie, the byas of the world,	895
The world, who of it felfe is peyfed well,	896
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground ;	897
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,	898
This fway of motion, this commoditie,	899
Makes it take head from all indifferency,	900
From all direction, purpose, course, intent,	901
And this same byas, this Commoditie,	902
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,	903
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,	904
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,	905
From a resolu'd and honourable warre,	906
To a most bafe and vile-concluded peace.	907
And why rayle I on this Commoditie ?	908
But for because he hath not wooed me yet :	909
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,	910
When his faire Angels would salute my palme,	911

920 893 Manent *Constance & Arthur.*

962 894 *Arthur* Madam good cheere, these drouping languishmētts

895 Adde no redressse to salue our awkward haps.

896 If heauens haue concluded these euentts,

897 To small auaille is bitter pensiuenes :

898 Seasons will change, and so our p̄sent griefe

899 May change with them, and all to our reliefe.

1623	<i>The life and death of King Iohn</i>	95
	But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,	912
	Like a poore begger, railleth on the rich.	913
	Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,	914
	And fay there is no fin but to be rich :	915
	And being rich, my vertue then fhall be,	916
	To fay there is no vice, but beggerie :	917
	Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,	918
	Gainc be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee.	<i>Exit.</i> 919

Actus Secundus

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury. 920

<i>Con.</i>	Gone to be married? Gone to ſweare a peace?	921
	Falſe blood to falſe blood ioyn'd, Gone to be freinds?	922
	Shall <i>Lewis</i> haue <i>Blaunch</i> , and <i>Blaunch</i> thoſe Prouinces?	923
	It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,	924
	Be well aduiſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe.	925
	It cannot be, thou do'ſt but fay 'tis ſo	926
	I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word	927
	Is but the vaine breath of a common man :	928
	Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,	929
	I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.	930
	Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frightening me,	931
	For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares,	932
	Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,	933
	A widdow, husbandles, ſubiect to feares,	934
	A woman naturally borne to feares ;	935
	And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but ieſt	936

963 900 *Constance* Ah boy, thy yeares I see are farre too greene
 901 To looke into the bottome of these cares.
 902 But I, who see the poyse that weigheth do wne
 903 Thy weale, my wish, and all the willing meanes
 904 Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame should mount.
 905 What ioy, what ease, what rest can lodge in me,
 906 With whom all hope and hap doth disagree:

907 *Arthur* Yet Ladies teares, and cares, and solenne thows,
 908 Rather than helpes heape by moze worke for woos.
 909 *Constance* If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,
 910 That from a wounded soule implozes reuenge;
 911 Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,
 912 This cursed Countrey, where the traytozs bzeach,
 913 Whose periurie as proud *Briareus*,
 914 Beleaguers all the Skie with misbeliefe.
 915 He promist *Arthur* and he sware it too,
 916 To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride:
 917 But now black-spotted Periure as he is,

With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce, 937
 But they will quake and tremble all this day. 938
 What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head? 939
 Why dost thou looke so fadly on my sonne? 940
 What meanes that hand vpon that breast of thine? 941
 Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhowme, 942
 Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds? 943
 Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words? 944
 Then speake againe, not all thy former tale, 945
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true. 946

Sal. As true as I beleeeue you thinke them false, 947
 That giue you cause to proue my saying true. 948

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeeue this sorrow, 949
 Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye, 950
 And let beleefe, and life encounter so, 951
 As doth the furie of two desperate men, 952
 Which in the very meeting fall, and dye. 953

Lewes marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou? 954
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me? 955
 Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy fight, 956
 This newes hath made thee a most vgly man. 957

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done, 958
 But spoke the harme, that is by others done? 959

Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is, 960
 As it makes harmefull all that speake of it. 961

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content. 962

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim 963
 Vgly, and flandrous to thy Mothers wombe, 964
 Full of vnpleasing blots, and fightlesse staines, 965
 Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, 966
 Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes, 967
 I would not care, I then would be content, 968
 For then I should not loue thee: no, nor thou 969
 Become thy great birth, nor deserue a Crowne. 970
 But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy) 971

- 918 He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned hāt,
 919 And marries *Lewes* to her louely pēce,
 920 Sharing thy fortune and thy birth-dayes gift
 921 Betweene these louers: ill betide the match.
 922 And as they shoulder thee from out thy owne,
 923 And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
 924 So heauens crosse them with a thristles course.
 925 Isall the bloud yspilt on either part,
 926 Closing the cranies of the thirstie earth,
 927 Grovne to a louegame and a Bpidall feast:
 928 And must thy birthright bid the wedding banes:
 929 Poore helplex boy, hopeles and helplex too,
 930 To whom misfortune seemes no yoke at all.
 931 Thy stay, thy state, thy imminent mishaps
 932 Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
 933 Why lookst thou pale: the colour flies thy face,
 934 I trouble now the fountaine of thy yonth,
 935 And make it moodie with my doles discourse,
 988 936 Goe in with me, reply not louely boy,
 937 We must obscure this mone with melodie,
 995 938 Least wooser wack ensue our malecontent. Exeunt.

Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.	972
Of Natures guifts, thou mayft with Lillies boaft,	973
And with the halfe-blowne Rofe. But Fortune, oh,	974
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,	975
Sh'adulterates houely with thine Vnckle <i>Iohn</i> ,	976
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France	977
To tread downe faire refpect of Soueraigntie,	978
And made his Maieftie the bawd to theirs.	979
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king <i>Iohn</i> ,	980
That ftumpet Fortune, that vfurping <i>Iohn</i> :	981
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forfworne?	982
Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone,	983
And leaue thofe woes alone, which I alone	984
Am bound to vnder-beare.	985

<i>Sal.</i> Pardon me Madam,	986
I may not goe without you to the kings.	987
<i>Con.</i> Thou maift, thou fhalt, I will not go with thee,	988
I will inftroct my forrowes to bee proud,	989
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ftooke,	990
To me and to the ftate of my great greefe,	991
Let kings affemble : for my greefe's fo great,	992
That no fupporter but the huge firme earth	993
Can hold it vp : here I and forrowes fit,	994
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.	995



996 939 Enter the King of *England*, the King of *Fraunce*, *Arthur*,
940 *Bastard*, *Lewes*, *Lymoges*, *Coustance*, *Blanche*, *Chattilion*,
941 *Pembrooke*, *Salisburie*, and *Elianor*.

998 942 *Iohn* This is the day, the long desired day,
943 Wherein the Realmes of *England* and of *Fraunce*
944 Stand highly blessed in a lasting peace.
945 Thrice happie is the *Bridegroom* and the *Bride*,
946 From whose sweete *Bridale* such a conoord springs,
947 To make of mortall foes immortall friends.

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, 996
Austria, Constance. 997

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this bleffed day, 998
 Euer in *France* shall be kept festiuall : 999
 To solemnize this day the glorious funne 1000
 Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist, 1001
 Turning with splendor of his precious eye 1002
 The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold : 1003
 The yearely course that brings this day about, 1004
 Shall neuer see it, but a holy day. 1005

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day. 1006
 What hath this day deferu'd ? what hath it done, 1007
 That it in golden letters should be set 1008
 Among the high tides in the Kalender ? 1009
 Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke, 1010
 This day of shame, oppression, periury. 1011
 Or if it must stand still, let wiues with childe 1012
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day, 1013
 Left that their hopes prodigiouly be crost : 1014
 But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke, 1015
 No bargaines breake that are not this day made ; 1016
 This day all things begun, come to ill end, 1017
 Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change. 1018

Fra. By heauen Lady, you shall haue no cause 1019
 To curse the faire proceedings of this day : 1020
 Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maiesty ? 1021

Const. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit 1022
 Resembling Maiesty, which being touch'd and tride, 1023
 Proues valuelesse : you are forsworne, forsworne, 1024
 You came in Armes to spill mine enemies blood, 1025
 But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours. 1026

1037 948 *Constance* Ungodly peace made by an others warre.

949 *Philip* Unhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge.
 950 Rouse thee *Plantaginet*, liue not to see
 951 The butcher of the great *Plantiginet*.
 952 Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,
 953 Pardon my rashnes, and forgiue the zeale
 954 That caries me in furie to a deede
 955 Of high desert, of honour, and of armes.
 956 A boone O Kings, a boone doth *Philip* beg
 957 Prostrate vpon his knee : which knee shall cleaue

The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre 1027
 Is cold in amitie, and painted peace, 1028
 And our oppreffion hath made vp this league : 1029
 Arme, arme, you heauens, againſt theſe periur'd Kings, 1030
 A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens) 1031
 Let not the howres of this vngodly day 1032
 Weare out the daies in Peace ; but ere Sun-ſet, 1033
 Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe periur'd Kings, 1034
 Heare me, Oh, heare me. 1035

Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace. 1036

Conſt. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre : 1037
 O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame 1038
 That bloody ſpoyle : thou ſlaue, thou wretch, y^e coward, 1039
 Thou little valiant, great in villanie, 1040
 Thou euer ſtrong vpon the ſtronger ſide ; 1041
 Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'ſt neuer fight 1042
 But when her humourous Ladſhip is by 1043
 To teach thee ſafety : thou art periur'd too, 1044
 And ſooth'ſt vp greatneſſe. What a foole art thou, 1045
 A ramping foole, to brag, and ſtamp, and ſweare, 1046
 Vpon my partie : thou cold blooded ſlaue, 1047
 Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide ? 1048
 Beene ſworne my Souldier, bidding me depend 1049
 Vpon thy ſtarres, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength, 1050
 And doſt thou now fall ouer to my foes ? 1051
 Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for ſhame, 1052
 And hang a Calues ſkin on thoſe recreant limbes. 1053

958 Unto the superficies of the earth,
 959 Till *Fraunce* and *England* graunt this glorious boone.
 960 *Iohn* Speake *Philip*, *England* graunts thee thy request.
 961 *Philip* And *Fraunce* confirmes what ere is in his power.
 962 Bastard Then Duke sit fast, I leuell at thy head,
 963 Too base a ranome for my fathers life.
 964 Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke
 965 That braues it in dishonour of my Sire.
 966 Your words are past now can you now reuerse
 967 The Princely promise that reuiues my soule,
 968 Whereat me thinks I see his sinnewes shake :
 969 This is the boon (O dread Lords) which granted once
 970 Or life or death are pleasant to my soule ;
 971 Since I shall liue and die in *Richards* right.
 972 *Lymoges* Base Bastard, misbegotten of a King,
 973 To interrupt these holy nuptiall rites
 974 With braboles and tumults to a Dukes disgrace :
 975 Let it suffice, I scozne to ioyne in fight,
 976 With one so farre vnequall to my selfe.
 977 Bastard A fine excuse, Kings if you wilbe Kings,
 978 Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.
 979 *Iohn* *Philip*, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
 980 Being a subiect vnto neither Realme :
 981 But tell me *Austria*, if an English Duke
 982 Should dare thee thus, wouldst thou accept the challengd ?
 983 *Lymoges* Els let the world account the *Austrich* Duke
 984 The greatest coward liuing on the Earth.
 985 *Iohn* Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keepe his word,
 986 Kneele downe, in sight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
 987 And all these Princely Lords assembled here,
 988 I gird thee with the sword of *Normandie*,
 989 And of that land I doo inuest thee Duke :
 990 So shalt thou be in liuing and in land
 991 Nothing inferiour vnto *Austria*.
 992 *Lymoges* K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face
 993 Thou wrongst mine honour : and that thou maist see

994 How much I scozne thy new made Duke and thee,
 995 I flatly say, I will not be compeld :
 996 And so farewell Sir Duke of low degree,
 997 He finde a time to match you for this geere. *Exit.*

1058 998 *Iohn Stay Philip*, let him goe the honoꝝs thine.
 999 *Bastard* I cannot liue vnles his life be mine.
 1000 *Q.Elianor* Thy forwardnes this day hath ioꝝd my soule.
 1001 And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thee.
 1002 *K.Philip* Lordings lets in, and spend the wedding day
 1003 In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrells cease.

1059 1004 Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

1005 *Card.* Stay King of *France*, I charge thee ioyn not hands
 1006 With him that stands accurst of God and men.
 1063 1007 Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and
 1008 Legate from the Sea of *Rome*, demaund of thee in the name
 1009 of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou dost (contra-
 1010 rie to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holye
 1011 father the Pope) disturbe the quiet of the Church, and disanull
 1012 the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his Holines hath ele-
 1013 cted Archbishop of *Canterburie* : this in his Holines name I
 1014 demaund of thee :

1015 *Iohn* And what hast thou oꝝ the Pope thy maister to doo to
 1016 demaund of me, how I employ mine owne ? Know sir Priest
 1017 as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scozne to

1077 1018 be subiect to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy Mai-
 1019 ster so from me, and say, *Iohn of England* said it, that neuer an

Auf. O that a man should speake those words to me. 1054
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs 1055
Auf. Thou dar'ft not say so villaine for thy life. 1056
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on those recreant limbs. 1057
Iohn. We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe. 1058

Enter Pandulph.

1059

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope. 1060
Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen ; 1061
 To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is : 1062
 I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall, 1063
 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere, 1064
 Doe in his name religiously demand 1065
 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother, 1066
 So wilfully dost spurne ; and force perforce 1067
 Keepe *Stephen Langton* chofen Arshbifhop 1068
 Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea : 1069
 This in our foresaid holy Fathers name 1070
 Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee. 1071
Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories 1072
 Can tast the free breath of a sacred King ? 1073
 Thou canst not (Cardinall) deuise a name 1074
 So flight, vnworthy, and ridiculous 1075
 To charge me to an answere, as the Pope : 1076
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*, 1077
 Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest 1078

1079 1020 Italian Priest of them all, shall either haue tythe, tole, or po-
 1021 ling penie out of *England*, but as I am King, so wil I raigne
 1022 next vnder God, supream head both ouer spirituall and tem-
 1023 rall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe
 1024 headlesse.

1025 *K. Philip* What King *Iohn*, know you what you say, thus
 1026 to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope.
 1087 1027 *Iohn Philip*, though thou and all the Princes of Chzisten-
 1028 dome suffer themselves to be abused by a Prelates slauerie,
 1029 my minde is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee
 1030 King in *England*, let him winne it with the sword, I know no
 1031 other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.

1032 *Card. Iohn*, this is thine answere?
 1033 *Iohn* What then?
 1097 1034 *Card.* Then I *Pandulph* of *Padoa* Legate from the Apo-
 1035 stolick See, doo in the name of *S. Peter* and his successor our
 1036 holy Father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accursed dischar-
 1037 ging euery of thy subiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they
 1038 doe owe to thee, and pardon and forgiveness of sinne to those or
 1039 them whatsoeuer, which shall carrie armes against thee, or
 1040 murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to
 1041 abhorre thee as an excommunicate person.
 1042 *Iohn* So sir, the more the For is curst the better a fares: if
 1043 God blesse me and my Land, let the Pope and his thauelings
 1044 curse and spare not.

1623	<i>The life and death of King Iohn</i>	109
	Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:	1079
	But as we, vnder heauen, are supream head,	1080
	So vnder him that great supremacy	1081
	Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold	1082
	Without th'affistance of a mortall hand :	1083
	So tell the Pope, all reuerence set apart	1084
	To him and his vsurp'd authoritie.	1085
	<i>Fra.</i> Brother of <i>England</i> , you blasphem in this.	1086
	<i>Iohn.</i> Though you, and all the Kings of Christendom	1087
	Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,	1088
	Dreading the curfe that money may buy out,	1089
	And by the merit of vilde gold, droffe, dust,	1090
	Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,	1091
	Who in that sale fels pardon from himfelfe :	1092
	Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,	1093
	This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cherish,	1094
	Yet I alone, alone doe me oppofe	1095
	Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.	1096
	<i>Pand.</i> Then by the lawfull power that I haue,	1097
	Thou shalt stand curft, and excommunicate,	1098
	And bleffed fhall he be that doth reuolt	1099
	From his Allegiance to an heretique,	1100
	And meritorious fhall that hand be call'd,	1101
	Canonized and worfhip'd as a Saint,	1102
	That takes away by any fecret courfe	1103
	Thy hatefull life.	1104
	<i>Con.</i> O lawfull let it be	1105
	That I haue roome with <i>Rome</i> to curfe a while,	1106
	Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen	1107
	To my keene curfes ; for without my wrong	1108
	There is no tonuge hath power tocurfe him right.	1109

1117 1045 *Card.* Furthermoze I charge thee *Philip King of France*,
 1046 and al the Kings and Princes of Chriftendome, to make war
 1047 vppon this miscreant : and whereas thou hast made a league
 1048 with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doo in the name of our
 1049 sozesaide father the Pope, acquit thee of that oath as vnlawful,
 1050 being made with an heretike, how saist thou *Philip*, doost thou
 1051 obey ?

1129 1052 *Iohn Brother of Fraunce*, what say you to the Cardinall :
 1053 *Philip* I say, I am sorrie for your Maiestie, requestting
 1054 you to submit your selfe to the Church of *Rome*.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curfe. 1110
Conf. And for mine too, when Law can do no right. 1111
 Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong: 1112
 Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere; 1113
 For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law: 1114
 Therefore ſince Law it ſelfe is perfect wrong, 1115
 How can the Law forbid my tongue to curfe? 1116
Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curfe, 1117
 Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique, 1118
 And raife the power of *France* vpon his head, 1119
 Vnleſſe he doe ſubmit himſelfe to *Rome*. 1120

Elea. Look'ſt thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand. 1121
Con. Looke to that Deuill, leſt that *France* repent, 1122
 And by diſioyning hands hell loſe a ſoule. 1123
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinall. 1124
Baſt. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs. 1125
Auſt. Well ruffian, I muſt pocket vp theſe wrongs, 1126
 Becauſe, 1127
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them. 1128
Iohn. *Philip*, what ſaiſt thou to the Cardinall? 1129

Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinall? 1130
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference 1131
 Is purchaſe of a heauy curfe from *Rome*, 1132
 Or the light loſſe of *England*, for a friend: 1133
 Forgoe the eaſier. 1134
Bla. That's the curfe of *Rome*. 1135
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the deuill tempts thee heere 1136
 In likeneſſe of a new vntrimmed Bride. 1137
Bla. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeakes not from her faith, 1138
 But from her need. 1139

- 1055 *John* And what say you to our league, if I doo not submit?
1150 1056 *Philip* What should I say ! I must obey the Pope.
1057 *Iohn* Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God !
1058 *Philip* The Legate hath absolude me of mine oath :
1059 Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

<i>Con.</i> Oh, if thou grant my need,	1140
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,	1141
That need, muſt needs inferre this principle,	1142
That faith would liue againe by death of need :	1143
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,	1144
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.	1145
<i>Iohn.</i> The king is mould, and answers not to this.	1146
<i>Con.</i> O be remou'd from him, and anſwere well,	1147
<i>Auſt.</i> Doe ſo king <i>Philip</i> , hang no more in doubt.	1148
<i>Baſt.</i> Hang nothing but a Calues ſkin moſt ſweet lout.	1149
<i>Fra.</i> I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.	1150

<i>Pan.</i> What canſt thou ſay, but wil perplex thee more?	1151
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt ?	1152
<i>Fra.</i> Good reuerend father, make my perſon yours,	1153
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelfe ?	1154
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,	1155
And the coniuncti on of our inward ſoules	1156
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together	1157
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vowes,	1158
The lateſt breath that gaue the ſound of words	1159
Was deepe-ſworne faith, peace, amity, true loue	1160
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall ſelues,	1161
And euen before this truce, but new before,	1162
No longer then we well could waſh our hands,	1163
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,	1164
Heauen knowes they were beſmear'd and ouer-ſtaind	1165
With ſlaughters pencill ; where reuenge did paint	1166
The fearefull difference of incenſed kings :	1167
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd offbloud ?	1168
So newly ioyn'd in loue ? ſo ſtrong in both,	1169
Vnyoke this ſeyſure, and this kinde regreete ?	1170
Play faſt and looſe with faith ? ſo ieſt with heauen,	1171

Make fuch vnconstant children of onr felues	1172
As now againe to fnatch our palme from palme :	1173
Vn-fweare faith fworne, and on the marriage bed	1174
Of fmiling peace to march a bloody hoaft,	1175
And make a ryot on the gentle brow	1176
Of true fincerity ? O holy Sir	1177
My reuerend father, let it not be fo ;	1178
Out of your grace, deuife, ordaine, impofe	1179
Some gentle order, and then we fhall be bleft	1180
To doe your pleafure, and continue friends.	1181
<i>Pand.</i> All forme is formelefse, Order orderlefse,	1182
Saue what is oppofite to <i>Englands</i> loue.	1183
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,	1184
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curfe,	1185
A mothers curfe, on her reuolting fonne :	1186
<i>France</i> , thou maift hold a ferpent by the tongue,	1187
A cafed Lion by the mortall paw,	1188
A fafting Tyger fafer by the tooth,	1189
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doft hold.	1190
<i>Fra.</i> I may dif-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.	1191
<i>Pand.</i> So mak'ft thou faith an enemy to faith,	1192
And like a ciuill warre fetft oath to oath,	1193
Thy tongue againft thy tongue. O let thy vow	1194
First made to heauen, firft be to heauen perform'd,	1195
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,	1196
What fince thou fworft, is fworne againft thy felfe,	1197
And may not be performed by thy felfe,	1198
For that which thou haft fworne to doe amiffe,	1199
Is not amiffe when it is truely done :	1200
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,	1201
The truth is then moft done not doing it:	1202
The better Act of purpofes miftooke,	1203
Is to miftake again, though indirecft,	1204
Yet indirecction thereby growes direct,	1205
And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire	1206
Within the fcorched veines of one new burn'd:	1207

1060 *Iohn* Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thee,
 1061 False as thou art, and periurde K. of *Fraunce*,
 1062 Unworthie man to be accounted King.
 1063 Giu'ft thou thy sword into a Prelates hands?
 1064 *Pandulph*, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friers
 1065 haue taken somewhat to maintaine my warres,
 1066 Now will I take no more but all they haue.
 1067 He rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,
 1068 And in despight He send them to the Pope.
 1069 Woother, come you with me, and for the rest
 1070 That will not follow *Iohn* in this attempt,
 1071 Confusion light vpon their damned soules.
 1072 Come Lords, fight for your King that fighteth for your good?

It is religion that doth make vowes kept,	1208
But thou haft fworne againft religion:	1209
By what thou fwear'ft againft the thing thou fwear'ft,	1210
And mak'ft an oath the furetie for thy truth,	1211
Against an oath the truth, thou art vnſure	1212
To ſweare, ſweares onely not to be forſworne,	1213
Elſe what a mockerie ſhould it be to ſweare?	1214
But thou doſt ſweare, onely to be forſworne,	1215
And moſt forſworne, to keepe what thou doſt ſweare,	1216
Therefore thy later vowes, againſt thy firſt,	1217
Is in thy ſelfe rebellion to thy ſelfe :	1218
And better conqueſt neuer canſt thou make,	1219
Then arme thy conſtant and thy nobler parts	1220
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:	1221
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,	1222
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know	1223
The perill of our curſes light on thee	1224
So heauy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off	1225
But in deſpaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.	1226
<i>Auſt.</i> Rebellion, flat rebellion,	1227
<i>Baſt.</i> Wil't not be ?	1228
Will not a Calues-skin ſtop that mouth of thine ?	1229
<i>Daul.</i> Father, to Armes.	1230

- 1073 *Philip* And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy selfe shalt see
 1074 *How Fraunce* will fight for *Rome* and *Romish* rites.
 1075 *Nobles*, to armes, let him not passe the seas,
 1076 Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead
 1077 *The K. of England* to the gates of *Rome*.
 1078 *Arthur*, bestirre thee man, and thou shalt see
 1079 *What Philip K. of Fraunce* will doo for thee.
 1230 1080 *Blanche* And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
 1081 Forsake your *Wife* and follow dreadfull drums:
 1082 *Nay*, good my Lord, stay you at home with mee.

<i>Blanch.</i> Vpon thy wedding day ?	1230
Against the blood that thou hast married ?	1231
What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men ?	1232
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums	1233
Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp ?	1234
O husband heare me : aye, alacke, how new	1235
Is husband in my mouth ? euen for that name	1236
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce ;	1237
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes	1238
Against mine Vncle.	1239
<i>Conft.</i> O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling,	1240
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous <i>Daulphin</i> ,	1241
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.	1242
<i>Blan.</i> Now shall I see thy loue, what motiue may	1243
Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife ?	1244
<i>Con.</i> That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,	1245
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, <i>Lewis</i> thine Honor.	1246
<i>Dolph.</i> I muse your Maiesty doth seeme so cold,	1247
When such profound respects doe pull you on ?	1248
<i>Pand.</i> I will denounce a curse vpon his head.	1249
<i>Fra.</i> Thou shalt not need. <i>England</i> , I will fall frō thee.	1250
<i>Conft.</i> O faire returne of banish'd Maiestie.	1251
<i>Elea.</i> O foule reuolt of French inconstancy.	1252
<i>Eng. France</i> , y ^e shalt rue this houre within this houre.	1253
<i>Bast.</i> Old Time the clocke setter, y ^e bald sexton Time:	1254
Is it as he will? well then, <i>France</i> shall rue.	1255
<i>Bla.</i> The Sun's orecaft with blood : faire day adieu,	1256
Which is the side that I must goe withall ?	1257
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,	1258

1267 1083 *Lewes* Sweete heart content thee, and we shall agree.
 1084 *Philip* Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the way,
 1085 Drums shalbe musique to this wedding day. Exeunt.

1279 1086 Excursions. The Bastard pursues *Austria*, and kills
 1087 him.

1088 *Bastard* Thus hath *R. Richards* Sonne perfozmde his
 1089 bowes.
 1090 And offred *Austrias* bloud for sacrifice

1091 Unto his fathers euerliuing soule.
 1092 *Blaue Cordelion*, now my heart doth say,

And in their rage, I hauing hold of both, 1259
 They whurle a-funder, and difmember mee. 1260
 Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne : 1261
 Vncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose : 1262
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine : 1263
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thriue : 1264
 Who-euer wins, on that side shall I lose : 1265
 Assured losse, before the match be plaid. 1266
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies. 1267

Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies. 1268
Iohn. Cosen, goe draw our puifance together, 1269
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath, 1270
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition ; 1271
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood, 1272
 The blood and deereft valued blood of *France.* 1273
Fra. Thy rage shall burne thee vp, & thou shalt turne 1274
 To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire : 1275
 Looke to thy selfe, thou art in ieopardie. 1276
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie. 1277
Exeunt. 1278

Scæna Secunda.

Allarums, Excursions : Enter Bastard with Austria's 1279
head. 1280
Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot, 1281
 Some ayery Deuill houters in the skie, 1282
 And pour's downe mischief. *Austrias* head lye there, 1283
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert. 1284
 While *Philip* breathes. 1285

1093 I haue deseru'de, though not to be thy heire
 1094 Yet as I am, thy base begotten sonne,
 1095 A name as pleasing to thy *Philips* heart,
 1096 As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.
 1097 Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle:
 1098 And as my Father triumpht in thy spoyle,
 1099 And trode thine Ensignes vnderneath his fêete,
 1100 So doo I tread vpon thy curst selfe,
 1101 And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food. Exit.

1102 Excursions. *Arthur, Constance, Lewes*, hauing taken
 1103 Q *Eliana*r prisoner.

1104 *Constance*. Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering
 1105 arme
 1106 Dispeart the foes to true succession.
 1107 Proud, and disturber of thy Countreyes peace,
 1108 *Constance* doth liue to tame thine insolence,
 1109 And on thy head will now auenged be
 1110 For all the mischiefes hatched in thy baine.
 1111 Q *Elinor* Contemptuous dame vnreuent Dutches thou,
 1112 To braue so great a Queene as *Eliana*r.
 1113 Base scolde hast thou forgot, that I was wife,
 1114 And mother to three mightie English Kings?
 1115 I charge thee then, and you forsooth sir Boy,
 1116 To set your Grandmother at libertie,
 1117 And yeld to *Iohn* your Anckle and your King.
 1118 *Constance* Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it.
 1119 *Eliana*r For yet thy threats proud Dame shal daunt my
 1120 minde.
 1121 *Arthur* Sweete Grandame, and good Mother leaue these
 1122 bratwles.
 1123 *Eliana*r Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.
 1124 *Constance* My time is now to triumph in thy fall,
 1125 And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.
 1126 *Arthur* Good Mother weigh it is Queene *Eliana*r,

1127 Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe.
 1128 Sweete Grandame beare with what my Mother sayes,
 1129 Your Highnes shalbe bled honourably.

1130 Enter a Messenger.

1131 *Mess.* Lewes my Lord, Duke Arthur, and the rest,
 1132 To armes in hast, *K. Iohn* relyes his men,
 1133 And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
 1134 To lose his life, or set his Mother free.
 1135 *Lewes* Arthur away, tis time to looke about.
 1136 *Eliador* Why how now dame, what is your courage cold?
 1137 *Constance* No *Eliador*, my courage gathers strength,
 1138 And hopes to lead both *Iohn* and thee as slaues:
 1139 And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. Exeunt.

1140 Excursions. *Eliador* is rescued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur*
 1141 is taken prisoner. Exeunt. Sound victorie.

1298 1142 Enter *Iohn*, *Eliador*, and *Arthur* Prisoner, *Bastard*, *Pem-*
 1143 *brooke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

1144 *Iohn* Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right.
 1145 *Arthur* thou seest, *Fraunce* cannot bolster thee:
 1146 Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
 1147 But if at last, Nephew thou yeeld thy selfe
 1148 Into the gardance of thine Anckle *Iohn*,
 1298 1149 Thou shalt be bled as becomes a Prince.

Iohn. Hubert, keepe this boy : Philip make vp, 1286
 My Mother is affayled in our Tent, 1287
 And tane I feare. 1288

Bast. My Lord I rescued her, 1289
 Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not : 1290
 But on my Liege, for very little paines 1291
 Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.* 1292

Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur 1293
Bastard, Hubert, Lords. 1294

Iohn. So shall it be : your Grace shall stay behinde 1295
 So strongly guarded : Cofen, looke not fad, 1296
 Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will 1297
 As deere be to thee, as thy father was. 1298

- 1150 Arthur Uncle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,
 1151 To beare captiuitie with patience.
 1152 Might hath preuailed not right, for I am King
 1153 Of *England*, though thou weare the Diadem.
 1154 *Q. Elianor Sonne Iohn*, soone shall we teach him to forget
 1155 These proud presumptions, and to know himselfe.
 1156 *Iohn Mother*, he neuer will forget his claime,
 1157 I would he liude not to remember it.
 1300 1158 But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
 1159 And take some order with our Popelings there,
 1160 That swell with pride, and eat of lay mens lands.
 1161 *Philip* I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
 1301 1162 Ransack the Abbeyes, Cloysters, Priories,
 1303 1163 Conuert their coyne vnto my souldiers vse :
 1164 And whatsoere he be within my Land,
 1165 That goes to *Rome* for iustice and for law,
 1166 While he may haue his right within the Realme,
 1167 Let him be iudgde a traitor to the State,
 1168 And suffer as an enemy to *England*.
 1305 1169 Mother, we leaue you here beyond the seas,
 1170 As Regent of our Prouinces in *Fraunce*,
 1171 While we to *England* take a speedie course,
 1172 And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe. 1299

Iohn. Cofen away for *England*, hafte before, 1300
 And ere our comming fee thou fhake the bags 1301
 Of hoording Abbots, imprifoned angells 1302
 Set at libertie : the fat ribs of peace 1303
 Muft by the hungry now be fed vpon : 1304
 Vfe our Commiffion in his vtmoft force. 1305

Bafl. Bell, Booke, & Candle, fhall not driue me back, 1306
 When gold and filuer becks me to come on. 1307
 I leaue your highneffe : Grandame, I will pray 1308
 (If euer I remember to be holy) 1309
 For your faire fafety : fo I kiffe your hand. 1310
Ele. Farewell gentle Cofen. 1311
Iohn. Coz, farewell. 1312
Ela. Come hether little kinfman, harke, a worde. 1313
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*, 1314
 We owe thee much : within this wall of flefh 1315
 There is a foule counts thee her Creditor, 1316
 And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue : 1317
 And my good friend, thy voluntary oath 1318

Liues in this bofome, deerely cherifhed.	1319
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to fay,	1320
But I will fit it with fome better tune.	1321
By heauen <i>Hubert</i> , I am almoft aſham'd	1322
To fay what good reſpect I haue of thee.	1323
<i>Hub.</i> I am much bounden to your Maieſty.	1324
<i>Iohn.</i> Good friend, thou haſt no caufe to fay ſo yet,	1325
But thou ſhalt haue : and creepe time nere ſo flow,	1326
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.	1327
I had a thing to fay, but let it goe :	1328
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,	1329
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,	1330
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes	1331
To giue me audience : If the mid-night bell	1332
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth	1333
Sound on into the drowzie race of night :	1334
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,	1335
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs :	1336
Or if that furly ſpirit melancholy	1337
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,	1338
Which elſe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,	1339
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,	1340
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,	1341
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſes :	1342
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,	1343
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply	1344
Without a tongue, vſing conceit alone,	1345
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull ſound of words :	1346
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,	1347
I would into thy bofome poure my thoughts :	1348
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,	1349
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ſt me well.	1350
<i>Hub.</i> So well, that what you bid me vndertake,	1351
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,	1352
By heauen I would doe it.	1353
<i>Iohn.</i> Doe not I know thou wouldſt?	1354

1355 1173 *Hubert de Burgh* take *Arthur* here to thee,
 1174 We he thy prisoner : *Hubert* keepe him safe,
 1175 For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes crowne,
 1176 But in his death consists thy Soueraignes blisse :
 1177 Then *Hubert*, as thou shortly heartst from me,
 1178 So vse the prisoner I haue giuen in charge.
 1179 *Hubert* Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper bee,
 1180 Yet shall your keeper liue at your commaund.
 1181 *Arthur*. As please my God, so shall become of me.

1372 1182 *Q. Elianor* My Sonne to *England*, I will see thee thipt,
 1183 And pray to God to send thee safe ahoze.
 1184 *Bastard* Now warres are done, I long to be at home
 1185 To diue into the Monkes and Abbots bags,
 1186 To make some sport among the smoothe skin Punnes,
 1187 And keepe some reuell with the fauzen Friers.
 1373 1188 *Iohn* To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
 1189 And arme yourselues against the Romane pride. Exeunt.

Good *Hubert, Hubert, Hubert* throw thine eye 1355
 On yon young boy : Ile tell thee what my friend, 1356
 He is a very serpent in my way, 1357
 And wherefoere this foot of mine doth tread, 1358
 He lies before me : dost thou vnderstand me ? 1359
 Thou art his keeper. 1360
Hub. And Ile keepe him so, 1361
 That he shall not offend your Maiefty. 1362

Iohn. Death. 1363

Hub. My Lord. 1364

Iohn. A Graue. 1365

Hub. He shall not liue. 1366

Iohn. Enough. 1367

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee. 1368

Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee : 1369

Remember : Madam, Fare you well, 1370

Ile fend those powers o're to your Maiefty. 1371

Ele. My blessing goe with thee. 1372

Iohn. For *England* Cosen, goe. 1373

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you 1374

With al true puetie : On toward *Callice*, hoa. 1375

Exeunt. 1376

1377 1190 Enter the K. of *Fraunce*, *Lewes* his sonne, Cardinall *Pan-*
 1191 *dolph* Legate, and *Constance*.

1192 *Philip* What euery man attacht with this mishap :
 1193 Why frowne you so, why droop ye Lords of *Fraunce*?
 1194 He thinkeſ it differs from a warlike minde
 1195 To loſe it for a checke or two of chaunce.
 1196 Had *Lymoges* eſcapt the baſtards ſpight,
 1197 A little ſorrow might haue cerude our loſſe.
 1198 Haue *Austria*, heauen ioyes to haue thee there.
 1199 *Card.* His ſoule is ſafe and free from Purgatorie,
 1200 Our holy Father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
 1201 The bleſſed Saints haue heard our orizons,
 1202 And all are Mediators for his ſoule,
 1203 And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
 1204 His holines free pardon doth pronounce
 1205 To all that follow you againſt Engliſh heretiques,
 1206 Who ſtand accuſed in our mother Church.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants. 1377

Fra. So by a roaring Tempest on the flood, 1378
A whole Armado of conuicted faile 1379
Is scattered and dif-ioyn'd from fellowship. 1380

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well. 1381

Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne fo ill ? 1382
Are we not beaten ? Is not *Angiers* lost ? 1383
Arthur tane prifoner ? diuers deere friends flaine ? 1384
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone, 1385
Ore-bearing interruption fpight of *France* ? 1386
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified : 1387
So hot a fpeed, with fuch aduice difpos'd, 1388
Such temper ate order in fo fierce a caufe, 1389
Doth want example : who hath read, or heard 1390
Of any kindred-action like to this ? 1391
Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praife, 1392
So we could finde fome patterne of our fhame : 1393

1394 1207 Enter *Constance* alone.

1208 *Philip* To aggrauate the measure of our griefe,
 1395 1209 All malcontent comes *Constance* for her Sonne.
 1210 We bziefe good Madame, for your face imports
 1211 A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde.
 1212 Her passions stop the organ of her voyce,
 1213 Deepe sorow throbbeeth misbefalne euent,
 1214 Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end
 1215 A full Catastrophe of sad laments.

1401 1216 *Const.* My tongue is tunde to storie forth mishap :
 1217 When did I breath to tell a pleasing tale ?
 1218 Must *Constance* speake : let teares preuent her talke :
 1219 Must I discourse ? let *Dido* sigh and say,
 1220 She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy* :
 1221 Two words will serue, and then my tale is done :
 1222 *Elnors* proud hat hath robd me of my Sonne.

1400 1223 *Lewes* Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of warre:
 1224 He may be ransomde, we reuenge his wrong.

1416 1225 *Constance* Wait ner so soone, I shall not liue so long.

1226 *Philip* Despaire not yet, come *Constance*, goe with me,
 1227 These clowdes will fleet, the day will cleare againe. Exeunt

Enter Constance.

1394

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a foule, 1395
 Holding th'eternall spirit against her will, 1396
 In the vilde prison of afflicted breath: 1397
 I prethee Lady goe away with me. 1398

Con. Lo; now:now see the issue of your peace. 1399

Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Constance.* 1400

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse, 1401
 But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse: 1402
 Death, death, O amiable, louely death, 1403
 Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottenneffe, 1404
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night, 1405
 Thou hate and terror to prosperitie, 1406
 And I will kisse thy detestable bones, 1407
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes, 1408
 And ring these fingers with thy household wormes, 1409
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust, 1410
 And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe; 1411
 Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st, 1412
 And buffe thee as thy wife: Miseries Loue, 1413
 O come to me. 1414

Fra. O faire affliction, peace. 1415

Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry: 1416
 O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth, 1417
 Then with a passion would I shake the world, 1418
 And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy 1419
 Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce, 1420
 Which scornes a moderne Inuocation. 1421

Pand. Lady, you vtter madneffe, and not forrow. 1422

Con. Thou art holy to belye me fo, 1423
 I am not mad : this haire I teare is mine, 1424
 My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife, 1425
 Yong *Arthur* is my fonne, and he is lost : 1426
 I am not mad, I would to heauen I were, 1427
 For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe : 1428
 O, if I could, what grieve should I forget ? 1429
 Preach some Philosophy to make me mad, 1430
 And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.) 1431
 For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe, 1432
 My reasonable part produces reason 1433
 How I may be deliuer'd of these woes, 1434
 And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe : 1435
 If I were mad, I should forget my sonne, 1436
 Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he ; 1437
 I am not mad : too well, too well I feele 1438
 The different plague of each calamitie. 1439

Fra. Binde vp those tresses : O what loue I note 1440
 In the faire multitude of those her haire ; 1441
 Where but by chance a filuer drop hath falne, 1442
 Euen to that drop ten thousand wery fiends 1443
 Doe glew themselues in sociable grieve, 1444
 Like true, inseparable, faithfull loues, 1445
 Sticking together in calamitie. 1446

Con. To *England*, if you will. 1447

Fra. Binde vp your haire. 1448

Con. Yes that I will : and wherefore will I do it ? 1449
 I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud, 1450
 O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne, 1451
 As they haue giuen these hayres their libertie : 1452
 But now I enuie at their libertie, 1453
 And will againe commit them to their bonds, 1454
 Because my poore childe is a prisoner. 1455
 And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you say 1456
 That we shall see and know our friends in heauen : 1457

If that be true, I shall see my boy againe ; 1458
 For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe 1459
 To him that did but yesterday sūpire, 1460
 There was not such a gracious creature borne : 1461
 But now will Canker-forrow eat my bud, 1462
 And chafe the native beauty from his cheek, 1463
 And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost, 1464
 As dim and meager as an Agues fitte, 1465
 And so hee'll dye : and rising so againe, 1466
 When I shall meet him in the Court of heauen 1467
 I shall not know him : therefore neuer, neuer 1468
 Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more. 1469

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of greefe. 1470

Const. He talkes to me, that neuer had a sonne. 1471

Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe. 1472

Con. Greefe fills the roome vp of my absent childe : 1473
 Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me, 1474
 Put s on his pretty lookes, repeats his words, 1475
 Remembets me of all his gracious parts, 1476
 Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme ; 1477
 Then, haue I reason to be fond of grieue ? 1478
 Fareyouwell : had you such a losse as I, 1479
 I could giue better comfort then you doe. 1480
 I will not keepe this forme vpon my head, 1481
 When there is such disorder in my witte : 1482
 O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne, 1483
 My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world : 1484
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure. *Exit.* 1485

Fra. I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.* 1486

Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy, 1487
 Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale, 1488
 Vexing the dull eare of a drowfie man ; 1489
 And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste, 1490
 That it yeelds nought but shame and bitterneffe. 1491

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease, 1492
 Euen in the instant of repaire and health, 1493

1505 1228 *Card.* Now *Lewes*, thy fortune buds with happie spring,
 1229 Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.
 1230 *Arthur* is safe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
 1231 Thy title next is fairest to *Englands* Crowne :
 1232 Now stirre thy Father to begin with *Iohn*,
 1510 1233 The Pope sayes *I*, and so is *Albion* thine.

1234 *Lewes* Thankes my Lord Legate for your good conceipt,
 1235 Tis best we follow now the game is faire,
 1236 My Father wants to worke him your good words.
 1237 *Card.* A few will serue to forward him in this,
 1238 Those shal not want : but lets about it then. Exeunt.

The fit is strongest : Evils that take leaue	1494
On their departure, most of all flew euill :	1495
What haue you lost by losing of this day ?	1496
<i>Dol.</i> All daies of glory, ioy, and happineffe.	1497
<i>Pan.</i> If you had won it, certainly you had.	1498
No, no : when Fortune meanes to men most good,	1499
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:	1500
'Tis strange to thinke how much King <i>Iohn</i> hath lost	1501
In this which he accounts so clearely wonne :	1502
Are not you grieu'd that <i>Arthur</i> is his prisoner ?	1503
<i>Dol.</i> As heartily as he is glad he hath him.	1504
<i>Pan.</i> Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.	1505
Now heare me speake with a propheticke spirit :	1506
For euen the breath of what I meane to speake,	1507
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub	1508
Out of the path which shall directly lead	1509
Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke :	1510
<i>Iohn</i> hath seiz'd <i>Arthur</i> , and it cannot be,	1511
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,	1512
The mis-plac'd- <i>Iohn</i> should entertaine an houre,	1513
One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.	1514
A Scepter snatch'd with an vnruely hand,	1515
Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.	1516
And he that stands vpon a slipp'ry place,	1517
Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him vp :	1518
That <i>Iohn</i> may stand, then <i>Arthur</i> needs must fall,	1519
So be it, for it cannot be but so.	1520
<i>Dol.</i> But what shall I gaine by yong <i>Arthurs</i> fall ?	1521
<i>Pan.</i> You, in the right of Lady <i>Blanch</i> your wife,	1522
May then make all the claime that <i>Arthur</i> did.	1523
<i>Dol.</i> And loose it, life and all, as <i>Arthur</i> did.	1524
<i>Pan.</i> How green you are, and fresh in this old world?	1525
<i>Iohn</i> layes you plots : the times conspire with you,	1526
For he that sleepest his safetie in true blood,	1527

Shall finde but bloodie safety, and vntrue.	1528
This A&t so euilly borne shall coole the hearts	1529
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,	1530
That none so small aduantage shall step forth	1531
To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.	1532
No naturall exhalation in the skie,	1533
No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,	1534
No common winde, no customed euent,	1535
But they will plucke away his naturall cause,	1536
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,	1537
Abortiuues, prefages, and tongues of heauen,	1538
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon <i>Iohn</i> .	1539
<i>Dol.</i> May be he will not touch yong <i>Arthurs</i> life,	1540
But hold himselfe safe in his prifonment.	1541
<i>Pan.</i> O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,	1542
If that yong <i>Arthur</i> be not gone alreadie,	1543
Euen at that newes he dies : and then the hearts	1544
Of all his people shall reuolt from him,	1545
And kisse the lippes of vnacquainted change,	1546
And picke strong matter of reuolt, and wrath	1547
Out of the bloody fingers ends of <i>Iohn</i> .	1548
Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot ;	1549
And O, what better matter breeds for you,	1550
Then I haue nam'd. The Bastard <i>Falconbridge</i>	1551
Is now in England ranfacking the Church,	1552
Offending Charity : If but a dozen French	1553
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call	1554
To traine ten thousand English to their side ;	1555
Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,	1556
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,	1557
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,	1558
What may be wrought out of their discontent,	1559
Now that their foules are topfull of offence,	1560
For England go ; I will whet on the King.	1561
<i>Dol.</i> Strong reasons makes strange actions: let vs go,	1562
If you say I, the King will not say no. <i>Exennt.</i>	1563

1239 Enter *Philip* leading a Frier, charging him to shew where
1240 the Abbots golde lay.

1241 *Philip* Come on you fat Franciscans, dallie no longer, but
1242 shew me where the Abbots treasure lyes, or die.

1243 Frier *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer such an iniurie.

1244 Sweete *S.* Withhold of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,

1245 And heare vs for *S.* Charitie, oppressed with austeritie.

1246 *In nomini Domini*, make I my homilie,

1247 Gentle Gentilitie grieue not the Cleargie.

1248 *Philip* Grey gownd good face, coniuere ye,

1249 ner trust me for a groate,

1250 If this waste girdle hang thee not

1251 that girdeth in thy coate.

1252 Now balde and barefoote *Bungie* birds

1253 when vp the gallowes climbing,

1254 Say *Philip* he had words inough

1255 to put you downe with ryming.

1256 Frier A pardon, *O parce*, *Saint Fraunces* for mercie,

1257 Shall shield thee from nightspells and dreaming of diuells,

1258 If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer moze grieue me,

1259 With fasting and praying, and *Haile Marie* saying.

1260 From black Purgatorie a penance right sozie.

1261 Frier *Thomas* will warme you,

1262 It shall neuer harne you.

1263 *Philip* Come leaue off your rabble,

1264 Sirs hang vp this lozell.

1265 2.Frier For charitie I beg his life,

1266 *Saint Frauncis* chieffest Frier,

1267 The best in all our Couent Sir,

1268 to keepe a Winters fier.

1269 O strangle not the good olde man,

1270 my hostesse oldest guest,

1271 And I will bring you by and by

1272 vnto the Priors chest.

1273 *Philip* I, saist thou so, & if thou wilt the frier is at libertie,

1274 If not, as I am honest man, Ile hang you both for companie.

- 1275 *Frier.* Come hether, this is the cheff though simple to behold
 1276 That wanteth not a thousand pound in siluer and in gold.
 1277 Myselfe will warrant full so much, I know the Abbots stoze,
 1278 He pawne my life there is no lesse to haue what ere is moze
 1279 *Philip* I take thy woꝝd, the ouerplus vnto thy share shall
 1280 come,
 1281 But if there want of full so much, thy neck shall pay the sum.
 1282 Breake vp the Cofer, *Frier.*
 1283 *Frier* Oh I am vndun, faire *Alice* the Nun
 1284 hath tooke vp her rest in the Abbots cheff,
 1285 *Saſte benedicite*, pardon my simplicitite.
 1286 Fie *Alice*, confession will not salue this transgression.
 1287 *Philip* What haue wee here, a holy Nun ? So keepe mee
 1288 God in health,
 1289 A smoothe facte Nunne (soz ought I knowe) is all the Abbots
 1290 wealth.
 1291 Is this the Ponries chastitie ? Beshewe me but I thinke
 1292 They goe as oft to Wenery, as niggards to their dzinke.
 1293 Why paltrey *Frier* and *Handar* too, yee shamelesse hauen
 1294 crowne,
 1295 Is this the cheff that held a hooꝝd, at least a thousand pound ?
 1296 And is the hooꝝd a holy whoꝝe ? Wel be the hangman nimble,
 1297 hee'le take the paine to paye you home, and teach you to dis-
 1298 semble.
 1299 *Nunne.* O spare the *Frier Anthony*, a better neuer was
 1300 To sing a Dirige solemnly, oz read a moꝝning Masse.
 1301 If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
 1302 That hath a hooꝝd this seauen yeares, did neuer see the sunne;
 1303 And that is yours, and what is ours, so fauour now be thown,
 1304 You shall commaund as commonly, as if it were your owne.
 1305 *Frier* Your honour excepted.
 1306 *Nunne.* I *Thomas*, I meane so.
 1307 *Philip.* From all saue from *Friers.*
 1308 *Nunne* Good Sir, doo not thinke so :
 1309 *Philip* I thinke and see so : why how camst thou here ?
 1310 *Frier* To hide her from lay men.

- 1311 *Nunne* Tis true sir, for feare.
 1312 *Philip* For feare of the laytie : a pitifull dyed
 1313 When a Nunne flies for succour to a fat Friers bed.
 1314 But now for your ransome my Cloyster-bred Conney,
 1315 To the chest that you speake of where lyes so much money.
 1316 *Nunne* Faire Sir, within this presse, of plate & money is
 1317 The valew of a thousand markes, and other thing by gis.
 1318 Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours Sir, now you know it.
 1319 *Philip* Come on sir Frier, pick the locke, this geere dooth
 1320 cotton handsome,
 1321 That couetousnes so cunningly must pay y^e letchers ransom.
 1322 What is in the hoozd ?
 1323 *Frier* Frier Laurence my Lord, now holy water help vs,
 1324 Some witch, oz some diuell is sent to delude vs :
 1325 *Haud credo Laurentius*, that thou shouldst be pend thus
 1326 In the presse of a Nun we are all vndon,
 1327 And brought to discrecence if thou be Frier Laurence,
 1328 *Frier* Amor vincit omnia, so *Cato* affirmeth,
 1329 And therefore a Frier whose fancie soone burneth :
 1330 Because he is moztall and made of mould,
 1331 He omits what he ought, and doth moze than he should.
 1332 *Philip* How goes this geere : the Friers chest filde with
 1333 a fausen Nunne,
 1334 The Nunne again locks Frier vp, to keep him fro the Sun.
 1335 Belike the presse is purgatorie, oz penance passing grievous :
 1336 The Friers chest a hel for Nuns. How do these dolts deceiue
 1337 Is this the labour of their liues to feede and liue at ease, (vs ?
 1338 To reuell so lasciuiously as often as they please.
 1339 He mend the fault oz faultmy ayne, if I do misse amending,
 1340 Tis better burn y^e cloisters down than leaue the for offending.
 1341 But holy you, to you I speake, to you religious diuell,
 1342 As this the presse that holdes the summe to quite you for your
 1343 euill.
 1344 *Nunne* I crie *Peccauit*, parce me, good Sir I was beguild.
 1345 *Frier* Absolue Sir for charitie the would be reconcilde.
 1346 *Phi.* And so I shall, sirs binde them fast, this is their absolutiō,
 1347 So hang them vp for hurting them, hast them to execution.

- 1348 *Fr. Lawrence* O tempus edax rerum,
 1349 Geue thildzen bookes they teare them.
 1350 *O vanitas vanitatis*, in this waning ætatis,
 1351 At threescore welneere to goe to this geere,
 1352 To my conscience a clog to dye like a dog.
 1353 *Exaudi me Domine, suis me parce*
 1354 *Dabo pecuniam, si habeo veniam*
 1355 To goe and fetch it, I will dispatch it,
 1356 Ahundred pound sterling for my liues sparing.
 1357 Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.
 1358 *Peter* Hoe, who is here, *S. Fraunces* be your spéd,
 1359 Come in my flock, and follow me, your fortunes I will reed
 1360 Come hether boy, goe get thee home, and clime not ouerhie :
 1361 For from aloft thy fortunes stands in hazard thou shalt die.
 1362 Boy God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our house
 1363 a Sunday.
 1364 *Peter* My boy show me thy hand, blesse thee my boy,
 1365 For in thy palme I see a many troubles are ybent to dwell,
 1366 But thou shalt scape them all and doo full well.
 1367 Boy I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheefe for your laboz : my
 1368 sifter prays ye to come home, & tell her how many husbands
 1369 she shall haue, and shee'l giue you a rib of bacon.
 1370 *Peter* My masters, stay at the towne end for me, Ile come
 1371 to you all anon : I must dispatch some busines with a frier,
 1372 and then Ile read your fortunes.
 1373 *Philip* How now, a Prophet? Sir prophet whence are ye?
 1374 *Peter* I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as
 1375 others by the world : what I am I know, and what thou wilt
 1376 be I know. If thou knowest me now be answered: if not, en-
 1377 quire no more what I am.
 1378 *Phil.* Sir, I know you will be a dissembling knaue, that
 1379 deludes the people with blinde prophecies : you are him I
 1380 looke for, you shall atway with me : bring away all the rabble,
 1381 and you frier *Laurence* remember your raunsome a hundred
 1382 pound, and a pardon for your selfe, and the rest come on. Sir
 1383 Prophet, you shall with me, to receiue a Prophets rewarde.
 1384

Exeunt.

1564 1385 Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

1386 *Hubert* My masters, I haue shewed you what warrant I
 1387 haue for this attempt ; I perceiue by your heauie countenan-
 1388 ces, you had rather be otherwise imployed, and for my owne
 1389 part, I would the King had made choyce of some other ereca-
 1390 tioner : onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds,
 1391 whose precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the
 1392 default. Therefore in brieve, leaue me, and be readie to attend
 1393 the aduenture : stay within that entry, and when you heare me
 1394 crye, God saue the King, issue sodainly forth, lay handes on
 1569 1395 *Arthur*, set him in this chayre, wherin (once fast bound) leaue
 1396 him with me to finish the rest.
 1570 1397 *Attendants* We goe, though loath. Exeunt.
 1398 *Hubert* My Lord, will it please your Honour to take the
 1399 benefice of the faire euening :

1573 1400 Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

1579 1401 *Arthur* Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
 1402 In or to whom restraint is newly known,
 1403 The ioy of walking is small benefit,
 1404 Yet will I take thy offer with small thanks,
 1405 I would not lose the pleasure of the eye.
 1406 But tell me curteous keeper if you can,

1586 1407 How long the King will haue me carrie heere.

*Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.**Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

1564

Hub. Heate me thefe Irons hot, and looke thou stand 1565
 Within the Arras : when I strike my foot 1566
 Vpon the bofome of the ground, rufh forth 1567
 And binde the boy, which you fhall finde with me 1568

Faft to the chaire : be heedfull : hence, and watch. 1569

Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed. 1570

Hub. Vncleanly fcruples feare not you : looke too't. 1571
 Yong Lad come forth ; I haue to fay with you. 1572

Enter Arthur.

1573

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert.* 1574

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince. 1575

Ar. As little Prince, hauing fo great a Title 1576
 To be more Prince, as may be : you are fad. 1577

Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier. 1578

Art. 'Mercie on me : 1579

Me thinkes no body fhould be fad but I : 1580

Yet I remember, when I was in France, 1581

Yong Gentlemen would be as fad as night 1582

Onely for wantonneffe : by my Christendome, 1583

So I were out of prifon, and kept Sheepe 1584

I fhould be as merry as the day is long : 1585

And fo I would be heere, but that I doubt 1586

- 1408 *Hubert* I know not Prince, but as I gesse not long.
 1409 God send you freedome, and God saue the King,
 1410 They issue forth.
 1411 *Arthur* Why how now sirs, what may this outrage
 1412 meane?
 1413 O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper helpe :
 1414 God send this sodaine mutinous approach
 1415 Tend not to reauue a wretched guiltles life.
 1655 1416 *Hubert* So sirs, depart, and leaue the rest for me.
 1417 *Arthur* Then *Arthur* yeld, death frowneth in thy face,
 1418 What meaneth this! Good *Hubert* plead the case.
 1419 *Hubert* Patience yong Lord, and listen words of woe,
 1420 Harmfull and harth, hells horror to be heard :
 1421 A dismall tale fit for a furies tongue.
 1422 I faint to tell, deepe sorrow is the sound.
 1423 *Arthur*. What, must I die?
 1424 *Hubert*. No newes of death, but tidings of moze hate,
 1425 A wrathfull doome, and most unluckie fate :
 1426 Deaths dish were daintie at so fell a feast,
 1427 Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the rest.
 1428 *Arthur*. Alas thou wrongst my youth with words of feare,
 1429 Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare :
 1430 What is it man if it must needes be don,
 1431 Act it, and end it, that the paine were gou.
 1599 1432 *Hubert* I will not chaunt such dolour with my tongue,
 1433 Yet must I act the outrage with my hand.
 1434 My heart my head, and all my powers beside,
 1435 To aide the office haue at once denide.
 1436 Peruse this letter, lines of treble woe,
 1600 1437 Read oze my charge, and pardon when you know.

My Vnckle practises more harme to me :	1587
He is affraid of me, and I of him :	1588
Is it my fault, that I was <i>Geffreyes</i> sonne?	1589
No in deede is't not : and I would to heauen	1590
I were your sonne, so you would loue me, Hubert:	1591

<i>Hub.</i> If I talke to him, with his innocent prate	1592
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead :	1593
Therefore I will be fodaine, and dispatch.	1594

<i>Ar.</i> Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,	1595
Infooth I would you were a little sicke,	1596
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.	1597
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.	1598

<i>Hub.</i> His words do take possession of my bosome.	1599
Reade heere yong <i>Arthur</i> . How now foolish rheume?	1600
Turning dispiteous torture out of doore?	1601
I must be breefe, least resolution drop	1602
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.	1603
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ ?	1604

- 1438 *Hubert* these are to commaund thee, as thou tendrest our
 1439 quiet in minde and the estate of our person, that pre-
 1440 sently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out
 1441 the eyes of *Arthur Plantaginet*.
- 1605 1442 *Arthur* Ah monstrous damned man, his very breath in-
 1443 fects the elements,
- 1444 Contagious benyme dwelleth in his heart,
 1445 Effecting meanes to poyson all the world.
 1446 Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens
 1447 Of great iniustice, that the miscreant
 1448 Liues to oppresse the innocents with wrong.
 1449 Ah *Hubert*, makes he thee his instrument
 1450 To sound the tromp that causeth hell triumph?
 1451 Heauen weepes, the Saints doo shed celestially teares,
 1452 They feare thy fall, and cyte thee with remorse,
 1453 They knock thy conscience, moouing pitie there,
 1454 Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
 1455 Hell *Hubert*, trust me all the plagues of hell
 1456 Hangs on performance of this damned deede.
 1457 This seale, the warrant of the bodie blisse,
 1458 Ensureth Satan chieftaine of thy soule:
 1459 Subscribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
 1460 I speake not onely for eyes priuiledge,
 1461 The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
 1462 But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
 1463 Thy sweete soules losse, more than my eyes baine lack;
 1464 A cause internall, and eternall too.
 1465 Advise thee *Hubert*, for the case is hard,
 1466 To loose saluation for a kings reward.
- 1629 1467 *Hubert* My Lord, a subiect dwelling in the land
 1468 Is tyed to execute the kings commaund.
- 1631 1469 *Arthur*. Yet God commands, whose power reacheth further,

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect, 1605
 Must you with hot Irons burne out both mine eyes? 1606
Hub. Yong Boy, I must. 1607
Art. And will you? 1608
Hub. And I will. 1609
Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but 1610
 ake, 1611
 I knit my hand-kercher about your browes 1612
 (The best I had, a Princeesse wrought it me) 1613
 And I did neuer aske it you againe : 1614
 And with my hand, at midnight held your head ; 1615
 And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre, 1616
 Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time ; 1617
 Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe? 1618
 Or what good loue may I performe for you? 1619
 Many a poore mans sonne would haue lyen still, 1620
 And nere haue spoke a louing word to you: 1621
 But you, at your sicke seruice had a Prince : 1622
 Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue, 1623
 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will, 1624
 If heauen be pleas'd that you must vse me ill, 1625
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes? 1626
 These eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer shall 1627
 So much as frowne on you. 1628

Hub. I haue fworne to do it: 1629
 And with hot Irons must I burne them out. 1630
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it: 1631

1639 1470 That no commaund should stand in force to murder.
 1471 *Hubert* But that same Essence hath ordaind a lawe,
 1472 A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

1473 *Arthur* I plead not guiltie, treasonles and free.

1474 *Hubert* But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.
 1475 *Arthur* Why, thou art he that maist omit the perill.
 1476 *Hubert* I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.
 1477 *Arthur* His quarrell is vnhalloved false and wrong.

The Iron of it felfe, though heate red hot, 1632
 Approaching neere thefe eyes, would drinke my teares, 1633
 And quench this fierie indignation, 1634
 Euen in the matter of mine innocence : 1635
 Nay, after that, confume away in ruft, 1636
 But for containing fire to harme mine eyes : 1637
 Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron ? 1638
 And if an Angell should haue come to me, 1639
 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eye, 1640
 I would not haue beleeu'd him : no tongue but *Huberts*. 1641

Hub. Come forth : Do as I bid you do. 1642

Art. O faue me *Hubert*, faue me : my eyes are out 1643

Euen with the fierce lookes of thefe bloody men. 1644

Hub. Giue me the Iron I fay, and binde him heere. 1645

Art. Alas, what neede you be fo boiftrous rough? 1646

I will not ftuggle, I will ftand ftone ftill : 1647

For heauen fake *Hubert* let me not be bound : 1648

Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue thefe men away, 1649

And I will fit as quiet as a Lambe. 1650

I will not ftirre, nor winch, nor fpeake a word, 1651

Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly : 1652

Thrust but thefe men away, and Ile forgiue you, 1653

What euer torment you do put me too. 1654

Hub. Go ftand within : let me alone with him. 1655

Exec. I am beft pleas'd to be from fuch a deede. 1656

Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend, 1657

He hath a ftterne looke, but a gentle heart : 1658

Let him come backe, that his compaffion may 1659

Giue life to yours. 1660

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your felfe. 1661

Art. Is there no remedie ? 1662

Hub. None, but to lofe your eyes. 1663

Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours, 1664

A graine, a duft, a gnat, a wandering haire, 1665

1669 1478 *Hubert* Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.
 1479 *Arthur* Why chats to thee if thou as they procede,
 1480 Conclude their iudgement with so vile a dēde.

1481 *Hubert* Why then no execution can be lawfull,
 1482 If Iudges doomes must be reputed doubtfull.
 1483 *Arthur* Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
 1484 The offender is conuicted of the crime.

1485 *Hubert.* My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
 1486 Heapes vp moze griefe, than promise of redresse;
 1487 For this I know, and so resolute I end,
 1488 That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
 1489 I must not reason why he is your foe,
 1490 But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.
 1491 *Arthur* Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy soule
 1492 With wrongfull persecution done this day.
 1493 Thou rowling eyes, whose superficialies yet
 1494 I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent :
 1495 Send forth the terror of your Moouers frowne,
 1496 To weake my wrong vpon the murtherers
 1497 That rob me of your faire reflecting view :
 1498 Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mee)
 1499 Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guyle,
 1500 And let the black tormenters of deepe *Tartary*

Any annoyance in that precious fenſe : 1666
 Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there, 1667
 Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible. 1668

Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your toong. 1669

Art. Hubert, the vtterance of a brace of tongues, 1670
 Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes : 1671
 Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert,* 1672
 Or *Hubert,* if you will cut out my tongue, 1673
 So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes, 1674
 Though to no uſe, but ſtill to looke on you. 1675
 Loe, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold, 1676
 And would not harme me. 1677

Hub. I can heate it, Boy. 1678

Art. No, in good footh : the fire is dead with grieve, 1679
 Being create for comfort, to be vs'd 1680
 In vndeſerued extreames : See elſe your ſelfe, 1681
 There is no malice in this burning cole, 1682
 The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out, 1683
 And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head. 1684

Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy. 1685

Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh, 1686
 And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert:* 1687
 Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes : 1688
 And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight, 1689
 Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on. 1690
 All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong 1691
 Deny their office : onely you do lacke 1692
 That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends, 1693
 Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes. 1694

1501 Upbzaide them with this damned enterprize,
 1502 Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
 1503 Delay not *Hubert*, my prisons are ended,
 1504 Begin I pray thee, reave me of my sight :
 1505 But to perforce a tragedie indéde,
 1506 Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
 1507 *Constance* farewell, tormentoz come away,
 1508 Make my dispatch the Tirants feasting day.
 1695 1509 *Hubert* I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist :
 1510 Faint did I say, feare was it that I named!
 1511 My King commaunds, that warr ant sets me free :
 1512 But God forbids, and he commaundeth kings,
 1513 That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,
 1514 He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart,
 1515 Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
 1695 1516 Cheere thee yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eye,
 1517 Though I should purchase it with losse of life,

1702 1518 Ile to the King, and say his will is done,
 1519 And of the langoz tell him thou art dead,
 1520 Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
 1521 To blinde those lampes that Nature pollisht so,

1707 1522 *Arthur Hubert*, if euer *Arthur* be in state,
 1523 Looke for amends of this receiued gift
 1524 I tooke my eyesight by thy curtesie,
 1525 Thou lentst them me, I will not be ingrate.
 1526 But now procrastination may offend
 1527 The issue that thy kindnes undertakes :
 1528 Depart we *Hubert* to pzeuent the woꝛst.

Exeunt.

Hub. Well, see to liue: I will not touch thine eye, 1695
 For all the Treasure that thine Vnckle owes, 1696
 Yet am I fworne, and I did purpofe, Boy, 1697
 With this fame very Iron, to burne them out. 1698

Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while 1699
 You were difguis'd. 1700
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu, 1701
 Your Vnckle muft not know but you are dead. 1702
 Ile fill thefe dogged Spies with falfe reports: 1703
 And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtleffe, and fecure, 1704
 That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world, 1705
 Will not offend thee. 1706
Art. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*. 1707

Hub. Silence, no more; go clofely in with mee, 1708
 Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt* 1709

1710 1529 Enter King Iohn, Effex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.

1530 *Iohn.* How warlike followers resteth ought vndon

1531 That may impeach vs of fond ouersight :

1532 The French haue felt the temper of our swordes,

1533 Cold terror keepe possession in their sowles,

1534 Checking their ouerdaring arrogance

1535 For buckling with so great an ouermatch.

1536 The Arche proud titled Priest of *Italy*,

1537 That calles himselfe grand Vicar vnder God

1538 Is busied now with trentall obsequies,

1539 Masse and mouthes minde, dirge and I know not what

1540 To ease their sowles in painefull purgatory,

1541 That haue miscaried in these bloudy warres.

1542 Heard you not Lords when first his holines

1543 Had tidings of our small account of him,

1544 How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes

1545 He vudge a reason why the English Ass

1546 Disdaingd the blessed ordinance of *Rome*?

1547 The title (reuerently might I inferre)

1548 Became the Kings that earst haue bozne the load,

1549 The slauiſh weight of that controlling Priest:

1550 Who at his pleasure temperd them like ware

1551 To carrie armes on danger of his curse,

1552 Banding their sowles with warrants of his hand.

1553 I griue to thinke how Kings in ages past

1554 (Simply deuoted to the Sea of *Rome*)

1555 Haue run into a thousand acts of shame.

1711 1556 But now for confirmation of our State,

1557 Sith we haue proynd the moze than needfull bzaunch

1558 That did oppresse the true wel-growing stock,

1559 It resteth we thzoughout our Territories

1560 Be reproclained and inuested King.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Iohn, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes. 1710

Iohn. Heere once againe we fit : once against crown'd 1711
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes. 1712

1713 1561 *Pembrook* My Liege, that were to bulie men with doubts,
 1562 Once were you crownd, proclaimed, and with applause
 1563 Your Citie strêtes haue ecchoed to the eare,
 1564 God saue the King, God saue our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
 1565 Pardon my feare, my censure doth infer
 1566 Your Highnes not deposde from Regall State,
 1567 Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
 1718 1568 What it should meane to hane you crownd againe.

1569 *Iohn Pembrooke* perfoꝛme what I haue bid the doo,
 1570 Thou knowst not what induceth me to this,
 1571 *Effex* goe in, and Lordings all be gou
 1572 About this taske, I will be crownd anon.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd) 1713
 Was once superfluous : you were Crown'd before, 1714
 And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off : 1715
 The faiths of men, nere stained with reuolt : 1716
 Fresh expectation troubled not the Land 1717
 With any long'd-for-change, or better State. 1718

Sal. Therefore, to be posses'd with double pompe, 1719
 To guard a Title, that was rich before ; 1720
 To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly ; 1721
 To throw a perfume on the Violet, 1722
 To smoothe the yce, or adde another hew 1723
 Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light 1724
 To seeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garnish, 1725
 Is wastefull, and ridiculous excessse. 1726

Pem. But that your Royall pleasure must be done, 1727
 This acte, is as an ancient tale new told, 1728
 And, in the last repeating, troublesome, 1729
 Being vrged at a time vnseasonable. 1730

Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face 1731
 Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured, 1732
 And like a shifted winde vnto a faile, 1733
 It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about, 1734
 Startles, and frights consideration : 1735
 Makes found opinion sicke, and truth suspected, 1736
 For putting on so new a fashion'd robe. 1737

Pem. When Workemen strue to do better then wel, 1738
 They do confound their skill in couetousnesse, 1739
 And oftentimes excusing of a fault, 1740
 Doth make the fault the worfe by th'excuse : 1741
 As patches set vpon a little breach, 1742

Discredite more in hiding of the fault, 1743
 Then did the fault before it was so patch'd. 1744

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd 1745
 We breath'd our Councell : but it pleas'd your Highnes 1746
 To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd, 1747
 Since all, and euery part of what we would 1748
 Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will. 1749

Ioh. Some reasons of this double Corronation 1750
 I haue posselt you with, and thinke them strong. 1751
 And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare 1752
 I shall indue you with : Meane time, but aske 1753
 What you would haue reform'd. that is not well, 1754
 And well shall you perceiue, how willingly 1755
 I wile both heare, and grant you your requests. 1756

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these 1757
 To found the purposes of all their hearts, 1758
 Both for my selfe, and them : but chiefe of all 1759
 Your safety : for the which, my selfe and them 1760
 Bend their best studies, heartily request 1761
 Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint 1762
 Doth moue the murmuring lips of discontent 1763
 To breake into this dangerous argument. 1764
 If what in rest you haue, in right you hold, 1765
 Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend 1766
 The steppes of wrong, should moue you to mew vp 1767
 Your tender kinfman, and to choake his dayes 1768
 With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth 1769
 The rich aduantage of good exercise, 1770
 That the times enemies may not haue this 1771
 To grace occasions : let it be our suite, 1772
 That you haue bid vs aske his libertie, 1773
 Which for our goods, we do no further aske, 1774
 Then, whereupon our weale on you depending, 1775
 Counts it your weale : he haue his liberty. 1776

Enter Hubert. 1777

Iohn, Let it be so : I do commit his youth 1778
 To your direction : *Hubert,* what newes with you? 1779

- Pem.* This is the man should do the bloody deed: 1780
 He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine, 1781
 The image of a wicked heynous fault 1782
 Liues in his eye: that close aspect of his, 1783
 Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest, 1784
 And I do fearefully beleue 'tis done, 1785
 What we so fear'd he had a charge to do. 1786
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go 1787
 Betweene his purpose and his conscience, 1788
 Like Herald's 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set: 1789
 His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake. 1790
Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence 1791
 The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death. 1792
Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand. 1793
 Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing, 1794
 The suite which you demand is gone, and dead. 1795
 He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night. 1796
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure. 1797
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was, 1798
 Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke: 1799
 This must be answer'd either heere, or hence. 1800
Ioh. Why do you bend such solemne browes on me? 1801
 Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny? 1802
 Haue I commandement on the pulse of life? 1803
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and'tis shame 1804
 That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it; 1805
 So thriue it in your game, and so farewell. 1806
Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee, 1807
 And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe, 1808
 His little kingdome of a forced graue. 1809
 That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile, 1810
 Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while: 1811
 This must not be thus borne, this will breake out 1812
 To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt* 1813
Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Mef.* 1814
 There is no fure foundation set on blood: 1815

1844 1573

Enter the Bastard.

No certaine life atchieu'd by others death : 1816

A fearefull eye thou haft. Where is that blood, 1817

That I haue feene inhabite in thofe cheekes? 1818

So foule a skie, cleeres not without a ftorme, 1819

Poure downe thy weather : how goes all in France? 1820

Mef. From France to England, neuer fuch a powre 1821

For any forraigne preparation, 1822

Was leuied in the body of a land. 1823

The Copie of your fpeede is learn'd by them: 1824

For when you fhould be told they do prepare, 1825

The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd. 1826

Ioh. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke? 1827

Where hath it fleep't? Where is my Mothers care? 1828

That fuch an Army could be drawne in France, 1829

And fhe not heare of it? 1830

Mef. My Liege, her eare 1831

Is ftopt with duft : the firft of Aprill di'de 1832

Your noble mother ; and as I heare, my Lord, 1833

The Lady *Conftance* in a frenzie di'de 1834

Three dayes before : but this from Rumors tongue 1835

I idely heard : if true, or falfe I know not. 1836

Iohn. With-hold thy fpeed, dreadfull Occafion : 1837

O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd 1838

My difcontented Peeres. What? Mother dead? 1839

How wildely then walkes my Eftate in France? 1840

Vnder whofe conduct came thofe powres of France, 1841

That thou for truth giu'ft out are landed heere? 1842

Mef. Vnder the Dolphin. 1843

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret. 1844

Ioh. Thou haft made me giddy 1845

With thefe ill tydings : Now? What faves the world 1846

To your proceedings? Do not feeke to ftuffe 1847

My head with more ill newes : for it is full. 1848

Baft. But if you be a-feard to heare the worft, 1849

Then let the worft vn-heard, fall on your head. 1850

- 1574 *Philip*, what newes, how doo the Abbots chefts?
 1575 Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
 1576 What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or no?
 1577 Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?
 1855 1578 *Philip* My Lord, I haue perfoznd your Highnes charge:
 1579 The ease bred Abbots and the bare foote Friers,
 1580 The Monkes the Priors and holy cloystred Nunnes,
 1581 Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealch,
 1582 Till I had tynde and tolde their holy hoodes.
 1856 1583 I doubt not when your Highnes sees my prize,
 1584 You may proportion all their former pride.
 1585 *Iohn* Why so, now forts it *Philip* as it should:
 1586 This small intrusion into Abbey trunks,
 1587 Will make the Popelings excommunicate,
 1588 Curse, ban, and breath out damned orisons,
 1589 As thick as hailestones foze the springs approach:
 1590 But yet as harmles and without effect,
 1591 As is the eccho of a Cannons crack
 1592 Dischargd against the battlements of heauen.
 1593 But what newes els befell there *Philip*?
 1594 *Bastard* Strange newes my Lord: within your territo-
 1861 1595 *Pere Pomfret* is a Prophet new sprung vp, (ries,
 1596 Whose diuination volleys wonders foorth;
 1863 1597 To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
 1598 He sets a date vnto the Beldames death,
 1599 Prescribes how long the Virgins state shall last,
 1600 Distinguisheth the moouing of the heauens,
 1601 Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rites,
 1602 Fozetelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth,
 1603 Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
 1604 With such assurance, scruples put apart,
 1605 As if he knew the certaine doomes of heauen,
 1606 Or kept a Register of all the Destinies.

<i>Iohn.</i> Beare with me Cofen, for I was amaz'd	1851
Vnder the tide ; but now I breath againe	1852
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience	1853
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.	1854

<i>Bast.</i> How I haue fped among the Clergy men,	1855
The fummes I haue collected fhall expresse:	1856
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,	1857
I finde the people strangely fantasied,	1858
Poffeft with rumors, full of idle dreames,	1859
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.	1860

And here's a Prophet that I brought with me	1861
From forth the ftreets of Pomfret, whom I found	1862
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:	1863
To whom he fung in rude harfh founding rimes,	1864
That ere the next Afcenfion day at noone,	1865
Your Highnes should deliuer vp your Crowne.	1866

1867 1607 *Iohn* Thou telst me meruailes, would thou hadst brought,
1608 We might haue questiond him of things to come. (the man
1609 *Bastard* My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wist,
1610 And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
1611 He staves my Lord but at the Presence doore :
1612 Pleaseth your Highnes, I will call him in.

Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst thou so? 1867

Pet. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out so. 1868

Iohn. Hubert, away with him : imprifon him, 1869

And on that day at noone, whereon he faves 1870

I fhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd. 1871

Deliu'er him to fafety, and returne, 1872

For I muft vfe thee. O my gentle Cofen, 1873

Hear'ft thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd? 1874

Baft. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it: 1875

Befides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie* 1876

With eyes as red as new enkindled fire, 1877

And others more, going to feeke the graue 1878

Of *Arthur*, whom they fay is kill'd to night, on your 1879

Iohn. Gentle kinfman, go (fuggeftion. 1880

And thruft thy felfe into their Companies, 1881

I haue a way to winne their loues againe : 1882

Bring them before me. 1883

Baft. I will feeke them out. 1884

Iohn. Nay, but make hafte : the better foote before. 1885

O, let me haue no fubiect enemies, 1886

When aduerfe Forreyners affright my Townes 1887

With dreadfull pompe of ftout inuafion. 1888

Be *Mercurie*, fet feathers to thy heeles, 1889

And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe. 1890

Baft. The fpirit of the time fhall teach me fpeed. *Exit* 1891

Iohn. Spoke like a fprightfull Noble Gentleman. 1892

Go after him : for he perhaps fhall neede 1893

Some Meffenger betwixt me, and the Peeres, 1894

And be thou hee. 1895

Mef. With all my heart, my Liege. 1896

Iohn. My mother dead? 1897

1613 *Iohn* Stay stay awhile, we'l haue him here anon,
 1614 A thing of weight is first to be perfozmd.

1615 Enter the Nobles and crowne King *Iohn*, and then crie
 1616 God faue the King.

1617 *Iohn* Lordings and friends suppozters of our state,
 1618 Admire not at this vnaccustomd course,
 1619 For in your thoughts blame not this dæde of yours.
 1620 Once ere this time was I inuested King,
 1621 Pour fealtie swozne as Liegmen to our state :
 1622 Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
 1623 Dismissle your counsell, sway my state,
 1624 Let *Iohn* doo nothing but by your consents.
 1625 Why how now *Philip*, what extasie is this :
 1626 Why casts thou vp thy eyes to heauen so :

1627 There the fūe Moones appeare.

1628 *Bastard* See, see my Lord strange apparitions.
 1629 Glauncing mine eye to see the Diadem
 1630 Placte by the Bishops on your Highnes head,
 1631 From soozth a gloomie cloude, which curtaine like
 1632 Displaide it selfe, I sodainly espied
 1899 1633 Fiue Moones reflecting, as you see them now :
 1634 Euen in the moment that the Crowne was placte
 1901 1635 San they appeare, holding the course you see.
 1636 *Iohn* What might portend these apparitions,
 1637 Vnusuall signes, forerunners of euent,
 1638 Presagers of strange terroz to the world :
 1639 Beleue me Lords the obiect feares me much.
 1640 *Philip* thou toldst me of me of Wizard late,
 1641 Fetch in the man to descant of this show.
 1642 *Pembrooke* The heauens frowne vpon the sinfull earth.
 1643 When with prodigious vnaccustomd signes
 1644 They spot their superficies with such wonder.

1645 *Essex* Before the ruines of Ierusalem,
 1646 Such Meteors were the Ensignes of his wrath
 1647 That hastned to destroy the faultfull Towne.

1648 Enter the Bastard with the Prophet.

1649 *Iohn* Is this the man !
 1650 *Bastard* It is my Lord.
 1651 *Iohn* Prophet of *Pomfret*, for so I heare thou art,
 1652 That calculatst of many things to come :
 1653 Who by a power replete with heauenly gift
 1654 Once since that time ambitious weeds haue sprung
 1655 To staine the beautie of our garden plot :

Enter Hubert.

1898

Hub. My Lord, they say fve Moones were seene to
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about (night: 1900
The other foure, in wondrous motion. 1901

Ioh. Fve Moones? 1902

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets 1903
Do prophesie vpon it dangerously: 1904

Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths, 1905

And when they talke of him, they shake their heads, 1906

And whifper one another in the eare. 1907

And he that fpeakes, doth gripe the hearers wrift, 1908

Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action 1909

With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes. 1910

I faw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus) 1911

The whilst his Iron did on the Anuile coole, 1912

With open mouth fwallowing a Taylors newes, 1913

Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand, 1914

Standing on flippers, which his nimble hafte 1915

Had falfely thrust vpon contrary feete, 1916

Told of a many thoufand warlike French, 1917

That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent. 1918

Another leane, vnwash'd Artificer, 1919

Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death. 1920

- 1656 But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
 1657 The false intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
 1658 Haue to our ioy, made Sunshine chase the storme.
 1659 After the which, to try your constancie,
 1660 That now I see is worthie of your names,
 1661 We craue once more your helps for to inuest vs
 1662 Into the right that enuie sought to wrack,
 1663 Once was I not deposde, your former choyce;
 1664 Now twice been crowned and applauded King:
 1665 Your cheered action to install me so,
 1666 Infers assured witnes of your loues
 1667 And binds me ouer in a kingly care
 1668 To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
 1669 To ballance downe requitall to the full.
 1670 But thanks the while, thanks Lordings to you all:
 1671 Aske me and vse me, try me and finde me yours.
 1672 *Essex* A boon my Lord, at vauntage of your words
 1673 We aske to guerdon all our loyalties.
 1674 *Pembrooke* We take the time your highnes bids vs aske:
 1675 Please it you graunt, you make your promise good,
 1676 With lesser losse than one superfluous haire
 1677 That not remembred falleth from your head.
 1756 1678 *Iohn* My word is past, receiue your boone my Lords.
 1679 What may it be? Aske it, and it is yours.
 1761 1680 *Essex* We craue my Lord, to please the Commons with
 1681 The libertie of *Ladie Constance* Sonne:
 1682 Whose durance darkeneth your highnes right,
 1683 As if you kept him prisoner, to the end
 1684 Your selfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
 1776 1685 Dismiss him thence, your highnes nêdes not feare,
 1686 Twice by consent you are proclaimed our King.
 1687 *Pembrooke* This if you graunt, were all vnto your good:
 1688 For simple people muse you keepe him close.
 1689 *Iohn* Your words haue searcht the center of my thoughts,
 1690 Canst blab the counsell of thy makers will.
 1691 If fame be true, or truth be wrongd by thee,

- 1692 Decide in cyphering what these fiue Moones
 1693 Portend this Clyme, if they p̄sage at all.
 1694 Breathe out thy gift, and if I liue to see
 1695 Thy diuination take a true effect,
 1696 Ile honour thee about all earthly men.
 1697 *Peter* The Skie wherein these Moones haue residence,
 1698 Presenteth *Rome* the great *Metropolis*,
 1699 Where sits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
 1700 Fowze of the Moones present fowze Prouinces,
 1701 To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *Fraunce*,
 1702 That beare the yoke of p̄oud commaunding *Rome*,
 1703 And stand in feare to tempt the Prelates curse.
 1704 The smallest Moone that whirles about the rest,
 1705 Impatient of the place he holds w̄ich them,
 1706 Doth figure forth this Iland *Albion*,
 1707 Who gins to scozne the Sea and State of *Rome*,
 1708 And seekes to thun the Edicts of the Pope :
 1709 This shoves the heauen, and this I doo aurre
 1710 Is figured in these apparitions.
 1711 *Iohn* Why then it seemes the heauens smile on vs,
 1712 Giuing applause for leauing of the Pope.
 1713 But for they chaunce in our Meridian,
 1714 Doo they effect no priuate growing ill
 1715 To be inflicted on vs in this Clyme!
 1716 *Peter* The Moones effect no moze than what I said :
 1717 But on some other knowledge that I haue
 1718 By my p̄science, ere Ascension day
 1719 Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vsuall height,
 1720 Of Crowne, Estate, and Royall dignitie,
 1721 Thou shalt be cleane dispoild and dispoſt.
 1722 *Iohn* False Dreamer, peris̄h w̄ich thy witched newes,
 1723 Villaine thou woundst me w̄ich thy fallacies:
 1724 If it be true, dye for thy tidings p̄ice ;
 1725 If false, for fearing me w̄ich vaine suppose :
 1726 Hence w̄ich the Witch, hells damned secretarie.
 1727 Lock him vp sure : for by my faith I sweare,

1728 True or not true, the Wizard shall not liue.
 1729 Before Ascension day: who should be cause hereof:
 1730 Cut off the cause and then the effect will dye.
 1731 Tut, tut, my mercie serues to maine my selfe,
 1732 The roote doth liue, from whence these thornes spring vp,
 1733 I and my promise past for his deliury:
 1734 Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
 1735 The hāt shall dye, that terrifies me thus.
 1736 *Pembrooke* and *Essex* I recall my graunt,
 1737 I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
 1738 Pay murmur not, my will is law enough,
 1739 I loue you well, but if I loue you better,
 1740 I would not buy it with my discontent.

1898 1741

Enter *Hubert*.

1742 How now, what newes with thee.
 1743 *Hubert* According to your highnes strickt commaund
 1744 Pong *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and extinct.
 1745 *Iohn* Why so, then he may feele the crowne, but neuer see it.
 1746 *Hubert* For see not feele, for of the extreame paine,
 1747 Within one hower gaue he vp the Ghost.
 1748 *Iohn* What is he dead:
 1749 *Hubert* He is my Lord.
 1750 *Iohn* Then with him dye my cares.

1751 *Essex* Now ioy betide thy soule.
 1752 *Pembrooke* And heauens reuenge thy death.
 1753 *Essex* What haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard
 1754 A deepe of moze inhumane consequence?
 1755 Your foes will curse, your friends will crie reuenge.
 1756 Unkindly rage moze rough than Northern winde,
 1757 To chip the beautie of so sweete a flower.
 1758 What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
 1759 When kinsman dyes without impeach of cause,

- Io.* Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares? 1921
Why vrgeſt thou ſo oft yong *Arthurs* death? 1922
Thy hand hath muredred him : I had a mighty cauſe 1923
To wiſh him dead, but thou haſt none to kill him. 1924
H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me? 1925

1760 As you haue done, so come to cheere you with,
 1761 The guilt shall neuer be cast me in my teeth. Exeunt.
 1762 *Iohn* And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
 1763 Proud Rebels as you are to bzaue me so:
 1764 Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.
 1765 Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife:
 1766 That shall haue passage thzough your traitrous throats.
 1767 But hush, breath not buggs woꝝds to soone abroad,
 1768 Least time pꝛeuent the issue of thy reach
 1769 *Arthur* is dead, I there the coꝝzie growes:
 1770 But while he liude, the danger was the moꝝe;
 1771 His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
 1772 But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
 1773 Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,
 1774 To whome the diuell owes an open shame:
 1775 His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
 1776 His death a frame to pull my building downe.
 1777 My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
 1778 Who liuing aymed thzowdly at my roome:
 1779 But to pꝛeuent that plea twice was I crownd,
 1780 Twice did my sobiects sweare me fealtie,
 1781 And in my conscience loude me as their liege,
 1782 In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
 1783 But now they thun me as a Serpents sting,
 1784 A tragick Tyrant sterne and pitiles,
 1785 And not a tittle follow s after *Iohn*.
 1786 But Butcher, bloudsucker and murtherer,
 1787 What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,
 1788 To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
 1789 So interlacte with hellish discontent,
 1790 Wherein fell furie hath no interest.
 1791 Curst be the Crowne chiefe authoꝝ of my care,
 1792 Nay curst my will that made the Crowne my care:
 1793 Curst be my birchday, curst ten times the wombe
 1794 That yeelded me aliuie into the woꝝld.
 1795 Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,
 1796 For killing him whom all the woꝝld laments.

- 1933 1797 *Hubert* Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & seale,
1798 Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.
1934 1799 *Fohn* Ah dull conceipted peazant knowst thou not,
1800 It was a damned execrable deede :
1801 Showst me a seale? Oh villaine, both our soules
1802 Haue solde their freedome to the thrall of hell,
1803 Under the warrant of that cursed seale.

<i>Iohn.</i> It is the curle of Kings, to be attended	1926
By flaues, that take their humors for a warrant,	1927
To breake within the bloody houle of life,	1928
And on the winking of Authoritie	1929
To vnderstand a Law; to know the meaning	1930
Of dangerous Maiefty, when perchance it frownes	1931
More vpon humor, then aduis'd respect.	1932
<i>Hub.</i> Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.	1933

<i>Ioh.</i> Oh, when the laft accompt twixt heauen & earth	1934
Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale	1935
Witnesse against vs to damnation.	1936
How oft the fight of meanes to do ill deeds,	1937
Make deeds ill done? Had'ft not thou beene by,	1938
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,	1939
Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,	1940
This murther had not come into my minde.	1941
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,	1942
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie :	1943
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,	1944
I faintly broke with thee of <i>Arthurs</i> death :	1945
And thou, to be endeered to a King,	1946
Made it no confcience to destroy a Prince.	1947
<i>Hub.</i> My Lord.	1948

<i>Ioh.</i> Had'ft thou but shooke thy head, or made a pause	1949
When I spake darkely, what I purposed:	1950
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;	1951
As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:	1952
Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,	1953
And those thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.	1954
But, thou didst vnderstand me by my signes,	1955
And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,	1956
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,	1957
And consequently, thy rude hand to acte	1958

1960 1804 Hence villaine, hang thy selfe, and say in hell
1805 That I am comming for a kingdome there.

1806 *Hubert* My Lord attend the happie tale I tell,
1807 For heauens health send Sathan packing hence
1808 That instigates your Highnes to despaire.
1809 If *Arthurs* death be dismall to be heard,
1810 Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
1969 1811 He liues my Lord the sweetest youth aliue,
1812 In health, with eyesight, not a haire amisse.
1813 This hart tooke vigoꝝ from this forward hand,
1814 Making it weake to execute yourcharge.

1978 1815 *Iohn* What liues he? Then sweete hope come home agen,
1816 Chase hence despaire, the purueyer for hell.
1817 Hye *Hubert*, tell these tidings to my Lords
1818 That throb in passions for yong *Arthurs* death

1985 1819 Hence *Hubert*, stay not till thou hast reueald
1820 The wished newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
1821 I goe my selfe, the ioyfullst manaliue
1822 To storie out this new supposed crime. Exeunt.

The ende of the first part.

The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name. 1959
 Out of my fight, and neuer fee me more: 1960

My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued, 1961
 Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres; 1962
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land, 1963
 This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe 1964
 Hostilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes 1965

Betweene my conscience, and my Cofins death. 1966

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies: 1967

Ile make a peace betweene your foule, and you. 1968

Yong *Arthur* is aliuie: This hand of mine 1969

Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand. 1970

Not painted with the Crimfon spots of blood, 1971

Within this bosome, neuer entred yet 1972

The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought, 1973

And you haue slander'd Nature in my forme, 1974

Which howfoeuer rude exteriorly, 1975

Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde, 1976

Then to be butcher of an innocent childe. 1977

Iohn. Doth *Arthur* liue? O haſt thee to the Peeres, 1978

Throw this report on their incens'd rage, 1979

And make them tame to their obedience. 1980

Forgiue the Comment that my passion made 1981

Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde, 1982

And foule immaginarie eyes of blood 1983

Prefented thee more hideous then thou art. 1984

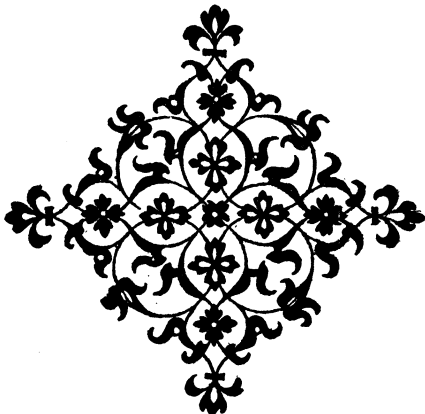
Oh, answer not; but to my Cloſſet bring 1985

The angry Lords, with all expedient haſt, 1986

I coniure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. *Exeunt.* 1987

THE
Second part of the
troublesome Raigne of King
*Io*hn, conteining the death
of Arthur Plantaginet,
the landing of Lewes, and
the poylning of King
Iohn at Swinestead
Abbey.

*As it was (sundry times) publi*cely acted by the
Queenes Maiesties Players, in the ho-
nourable Citie of
London.



Imprinted at London for Sampson Clarke.
and are to be solde at his shop, on the backe-
side of the Royall Exchange.

1591.



1823

To the Gentlmen Readers.

1824 **T***He changeles purpose of determinde Fate*
 1825 *Giues period to our care, or harts content,*
 1826 *When heauens fixt time for this or that hath end :*
 1827 *Nor can earths pomp or pollicie preuent*
 1828 *The doome ordained in their secret will.*
 1829 *Gentles we left King Iohn repleate with blisse*
 1830 *That Arthur liude, whom he supposed slaine ;*
 1831 *And Hubert posting to returne those Lords,*
 1832 *Who deemd him dead, and parted discontent :*
 1833 *Arthur himselfe begins our latter Aēt,*
 1834 *Our Aēt of outrage, desprate furie, death ;*
 1835 *Wherein fond rashnes murdreth first a Prince,*
 1836 *And Monkish falsnes poysneth last a King.*
 1837 *First Scene shews Arthurs death in infancie,*
 1838 *And last concludes Iohns fatall tragedie.*



1839 *The second part of the troublesome Raigne*
 1840 *of King Iohn, containing the entraunce of Lewes*
 1841 *the French Kings sonne : with the poysoning of King*
 1842 *Iohn by a Monke.*

1988 1843

Enter yong *Arthur* on the walls.

1844 **N**ow helpe good hap to further mine entent,
 1845 Crosse not my youth with any moze extreames :
 1846 I venter life to gaine my libertie,
 1847 And if I die, woꝝlds troubles haue an end.
 1848 Feare gins disswade the strength of my resolute,
 1849 My holde will faile, and then alas I fall,
 1850 And if I fall, no question death is next :
 1851 Better desist, and liue in prison still.
 1996 1852 Prison said I : nay rather death than so :
 1853 Comfort and courage come againe to me.
 1854 Ile venter sure : tis but a leape for life.

1855 He leapes, and brusing his bones, after he was from
 1856 his traunce, speakes thus ;

1857 *Hoe, who is nigh? some bodie take me vp.*
 1858 *Where is my mother : let me speake with her.*
 1859 *Who hurts me thus? speake hoe, where are you gone :*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

1988

<i>Ar.</i> The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.	1989
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not :	1990
There's few or none do know me, if they did,	1991
This Ship-boyes femblance hath disguis'd me quite.	1992
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.	1993
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,	1994
Ile finde a thoufand shifts to get away ;	1995
As good to dye, and go ; as dye, and stay.	1996

- 1860 Ay me pooze *Arthur*, I am here alone.
 1861 Why cald I mother, how did I forget?
 1862 My fall, my fall, hath kilde my Mothers Sonne.
 1863 How will the wepe at tidings of my death?
 1864 My death indeed, O God my bones are burst.
 1865 Sweete Iesu saue my soule, forgiue my rash attempt.
 1866 Comfort my Mother, shield her from despaire,
 1867 When she shall heare my tragick ouerthrowe.
 1868 My heart controules the office of my tong,
 1869 My vitall powers forsake my bzused trunck,
 1998 1870 I dye I dye, heauen take my fleeting soule,
 1871 And Lady Mother all good hap to thee. He dyes.

1999 1872 Enter *Penbrooke, Salisbury, Essex.*

- 1873 *Essex* My Lords of *Penbroke* and of *Salisbury*
 1874 We must be carefull in our pollicie
 1875 To vndermine the keepers of this place,
 1876 Else shall we neuer find the Princes graue.
 1877 *Penbrooke* My Lord of *Essex* take no care for that,
 1878 I warrant you it was not closely done.

Oh me, my Vnckles fpirit is in theſe ſtones, 1997
 Heauen take my foule, and England keep my bones. *Dies* 1998

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot. 1099

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at *S. Edmondsbury*, 2000
 It is our ſafetie, and we muſt embrace 2001
 This gentle offer of the perillous time. 2002

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall? 2003

Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France, 2004
 Whoſe priuate with me of the Dolphines loue, 2005
 Is much more generall, then theſe lines import. 2006

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then. 2007

Sal. Or rather then fet forward, for 'twill be 2008
 Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete. 2009

Enter Baſtard. 2010

Baſt. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd Lords, 2011
 The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtraight. 2012

Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of vs, 2013
 We will not lyne his thin-beſtained cloake 2014

2025 1879 But who is this! lo Lords the withered flowre
 1880 Who in his life thinde like the Mornings blush,
 1881 Cast out a dore, denide his buriall right,
 1882 A pray for birds and beaſts to gorge vpon.

1883 *Salsburie* O ruthfull ſpectacle, O damned deede;
 1884 My ſinnewes ſhake, my very heart doth bleede.
 1885 *Effex* Leauē childiſh teares braue Lords of *England*.
 1886 If waterſtoods could fetch his life againe,
 1887 My eyes ſhould conduit ſwōth a ſea of teares.
 1888 If ſobbs would helpe, or ſorrowes ſerue the turne,
 1889 My heart ſhould volie out deepe piercing plaints.
 1890 But bootleſſe wert to breathe as many ſighes
 1891 As might eclipse the brighteſt Summers ſunne,
 1892 Heere reſts the helpe, a ſeruice to his ghōſt.
 1893 Let not the tyrant cauſer of this dole,
 1894 Liue to triumph in ruthfull maſſacres,
 1895 Giue hand and hart, and Engliſhmen to armes,
 1896 'Tis Gods decree to wreake vs of theſe harmes,

With our pure Honors : nor attend the foote 2015
 That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes. 2016
 Returne, and tell him fo : we know the worft. 2017

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke 2018
 were best. 2019

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reafon now. 2020

Bast. But there is little reafon in your greefe. 2021

Therefore 'twere reafon you had manners now. 2022

Pem. Sir, fir, impatience hath his priuiledge. 2023

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his mafter, no mans elfe. 2024

Sal. This is the prifon : What is he lyes heere? 2025

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty, 2026
 The earth had not a hole to hide this deede. 2027

Sal. Murther, as hating what himfelfe hath done, 2028
 Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge. 2029

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue, 2030
 Found it too precious Princely, for a graue. 2031

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld, 2032
 Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke? 2033
 Or do you almoft thinke, although you fee, 2034
 That you do fee? Could thought, without this obieft 2035

- 2064 1897 *Penbrok* The best aduise: But who commes posting heere.
2065 1898 Enter *Hughbert*.
1899 Right noble Lords, I speake vnto you all,
2067 1900 The King intreates your soonest speed
1901 To visit him, who on your present want,
1902 Did ban and curse his birth, himselfe and me,
1903 For executing of his strict commaund.
1904 I saw his passion, and at fittest time,

Forme fuch another? This is the very top, 2036
 The heighth, the Crest : or Crest vnto the Crest 2037
 Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodieft shame, 2038
 The wildeft Sauagery, the vildeft froke 2039
 That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage 2040
 Prefented to the teares of foft remorse. 2041

Pem. All murthers paff, do ftand excus'd in this : 2042
 And this fo fole, and fo vnmatcheable, 2043
 Shall giue a holineffe, a puritie, 2044
 To the yet vnbegotten finne of times; 2045
 And proue a deadly blood-fhed, but a ieft, 2046
 Exempld by this heynous fpectacle. 2047

Bay. It is a damned, and a bloody worke, 2048
 The gracelefse action of a heauy hand, 2049
 If that it be the worke of any hand. 2050

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand? 2051
 We had a kinde of light, what would enfue : 2052
 It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand, 2053
 The praftice, and the purpose of the king : 2054
 From whose obedience I forbid my foule, 2055
 Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life, 2056
 And breathing to his breathlefse Excellence 2057
 The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow : 2058
 Neuer to tafte the pleasures of the world, 2059
 Neuer to be infected with delight, 2060
 Nor conuerfant with Ease, and Idleneffe, 2061
 Till I haue fet a glory to this hand, 2062
 By giuing it the worship of Reuenge. 2063

Pem. Big. Our foules religiously confirme thy words. 2064

Enter Hubert. 2065

Hub. Lords, I am hot with hafte, in seeking you, 2066
Arthur doth liue, the king hath fent for you. 2067

1905 Assurde him of his cousins being safe,
1906 Whome pittie would not let me doe to death,
1907 He craues your company my Lords in haste,
1908 To whome I will conduct young *Arthur* freight,
1909 Who is in health vnder my custodie.
1910 *Essex* In health base villaine, wert not I leaue thy crime
1911 To Gods reuenge, to whome reuenge belongs,
1912 Heere shouldst thou perish on my Rapires point.
1913 Calst thou this health : such health betide thy friends,
1914 And all that are of thy condition.

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blufhes not at death, 2068
 Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law? 2069

Hu. I am no villaine. *Sal.* Muft I rob 2070
Baft. Your fword is bright fir, put it vp againe. 2071
Sal. Not till I fheath it in a murtherers skin. 2072
Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, ftand backe I fay 2073
 By heauen, I thinke my fword's as fharpe as yours. 2074
 I would not haue you (Lord) forget your felfe, 2075
 Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; 2076
 Leaft I, by marking of your rage, forget 2077
 your Worth, your Greatneffe, and Nobility. 2078
Big. Out dunghill : dar'ft thou braue a Nobleman ? 2079
Hub. Not for my life : But yet I dare defend 2080
 My innocent life againft an Emperor. 2081
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer. 2082
Hub. Do not proue me fo : 2083
 Yet I am none. Whofe tongue fo ere fpeakes falfe, 2084
 Not truely fpeakes : who fpeakes not truly, Lies. 2085
Pem. Cut him to peeces. 2086
Baft. Keepe the peace, I fay. 2087
Sal. Stand by, or I fhall gaul you *Faulconbridge.* 2088
Baft. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury. 2089
 If thou but frowne on me, or firre thy foote, 2090
 Or teach thy haftie fpleene to do me fhame, 2091
 Ile ftrike thee dead. Put vp thy fword betime, 2092
 Or Ile fo maule you, and your tofting-Iron, 2093
 That you fhall thinke the diuell is come from hell. 2094
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge?* 2095
 Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer ? 2096

- 1915 *Hughbert* My Lords, but heare me speake, & kil me then,
 2099 1916 If heere I left not this yong Prince aliuie,
 1917 Augre the hasty Edict of the King,
 1918 Who gaue me charge to put out both his eyes,
 1919 That God that gaue me liuing to this howze,
 1920 Thunder reuenge vpon me in this place :
 1921 And as I tenderd him with earnest loue,
 1922 So God loue me, and then I shall be well.
 1923 *Salf.* Hence traytoꝝ hence thy councel is heerein. *Exit Hughb.*
 1924 Some in this place appoynted by the King
 1925 Haue throwne him from this lodging here aboue,
 1926 And sure the murther hath bin newly done,
 1927 For yet the body is not fully colde.
 1928 *Effex* How say you Lords, shall we with speed dispatch
 1929 Under our hands a packet into *Fraunce*
 1930 To bid the Dolphin enter with his foꝛce
 1931 To claime the Kingdome foꝛ his pꝛoper right,
 1932 His tittle maketh lawfull strength thereto.
 1933 Besides the Pope, on perill of his curse,
 1934 Hath bard vs of obedience vnto *Iohn*,
 1935 This hatefull murder, *Lewes* his true discent,
 1936 The holy charge that wee receiue from *Rome*,
 1937 Are weightie reasons if you like my reede,
 1938 To make vs all perseuer in this deede.
 1939 *Pembrooke* My Lord of *Effex*, well haue you aduise,
 1940 I will accoꝛd to further you in this.
 1941 *Salsbury* And *Salsbury* will not gainsay the same.
 1942 But aid that course as far fooꝛth as he can.
 1943 *Effex* Then each of vs send straight to his Allies.
 1944 To winne them to this famous enterpyse,
 1945 And let vs all yclad in Palmers weede,
 1946 The tenth of Aprill at Saint *Edmonds Bury*
 1947 Meete to confer, and on the Altar there
 1948 Swear secrete and aid to this aduise.

Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

2097

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

2098

Hnb. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well :

2099

I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe

2100

My date of life out, for his fweete liues losse.

2101

- 1949 Meane while let vs conueigh this body hence,
1950 And giue him buriall as befits his state,
1951 Keeping his months minde and his obsequies
1952 With sollemne intercession for his soule.
1953 How say you Lordings, are you all agreed?
1954 *Pembrooke* The tenth of Appill at Saint Edmonds Bury
1955 God letting not, I will not faile the time.
1956 *Essex* Then let vs all conuey the body hence. Exeunt.

<i>Sal.</i> Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,	2102
For villanie is not without such rheume,	2103
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme	2104
Like Riuers of remorse and innocencie.	2105
Away with me, all you whose foules abhorre	2106
Th'vncleanly fauours of a Slaughter-house,	2107
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.	2108
<i>Big.</i> Away, toward <i>Burie</i> , to the Dolphin there.	2109
<i>P.</i> There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. <i>Ex. Lords.</i>	2110
<i>Ba.</i> Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?	2111
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,	2112
(If thou didst this deed of death) art y ^e damn'd <i>Hubert.</i>	2113
<i>Hub</i> Do but heare me fir.	2114
<i>Bast.</i> Ha? Ile tell thee what.	2115
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,	2116
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer :	2117
There is not yet so vgly a fiend of hell	2118
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.	2119
<i>Hub.</i> Vpon my foule.	2120
<i>Bast.</i> If thou didst but consent	2121
To this most cruell Act : do but dispaire,	2122
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred	2123
That euer Spider twisted from her wombe	2124
Will serue to strangle thee : A rush will be a beame	2125
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,	2126
Put but a little water in a spoone,	2127
And it shall be as all the Ocean,	2128
Enough to stifle such a villaine vp.	2129
I do suspect thee very greeuously.	2130

1957 Enter King *Iohn* with two or three and the Prophet.

1958 *Iohn* Disturbed thoughts, sozedoomers of mine ill,
1959 Distracted passions, signes of growing harmes,
1960 Strange Prophecies of imminent mishaps,
1961 Confound my wits, and dull my senses so,
1962 That euery object these mine eyes behold
1963 Seeme instruments to bring me to my end.
1964 Ascension day is come, *Iohn* feare not then
1965 The prodigies this praeling Prophet threatens.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
 Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want paines enough to torture me :
 I left him well.

Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes :
 I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loofe my way
 Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.
 How easie dost thou take all *England* vp,
 From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
 The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
 Is fled to heauen : and *England* now is left
 To tug and scamble, and to part by th'teeth
 The vn-owed interest of proud fwelling State :
 Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maiefty,
 Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest,
 And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
 Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
 Meet in one line : and vast confusion waites
 As doth a Rauon on a ficke-falne beast,
 The imminent decay of wretched pompe.
 Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
 Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
 And follow me with speed : Ile to the King :
 A thousand businesfes are brieve in hand,
 And heauen it selfe doth frowne vpon the Land.

Exit. 2157

1966 **T**is come indeede : ah were it fully past,
 1967 **T**hen were I careles of a thousand feares,
 1968 **T**he Diall tells me, it is twelue at noone.
 1969 **W**ere twelue at midnight past, then might I baunt
 1970 **F**alse seers pꝛophesies of no import.
 1971 **C**ould I as well with this right hand of mine
 1972 **R**emoue the Sunne from our Meridian,
 1973 **U**nto the moonsted circle of thantipodes,
 1974 **A**s turne this steele from twelue to twelue agen,
 1975 **T**hen *Iohn* the date of fatall pꝛophesies
 1976 **S**hould with the Pꝛophets life together end.
 1977 **B**ut *Multa cadunt inter calicem supremaque labre.*
 1978 *Peter*, vnlay thy foolish doting dreame,
 1979 **A**nd by the Crowne of *England* hère I sweare,
 1980 **T**o make thee great, and greatest of thy kin.
 1981 *Peter* **K**ing *Iohn*, although the time I haue prescribed
 1982 **B**e but twelue houres remayning yet behinde,
 1983 **B**et do I know by inspiration,
 1984 **E**re that firt time be fully come about,
 1985 **K**ing *Iohn* shall not be king as heeretofore.
 1986 *Iohn* **W**ain buzzard, what mischaunce can chaunce so soone,
 1987 **T**o set a king beside his regall seate :
 1988 **M**y heart is good, my body passing strong,
 1989 **M**y land in peace, my enemies subdewd,
 1990 **O**nly my Barons stozme at *Arthurs* death,
 1991 **B**ut *Arthur* liues, I there the challenge growes,
 1992 **W**ere he dispatcht vnto his longest home,
 1993 **T**hen were the king secure of thousand foes.
 1994 *Hubert* **W**hat newes with thee, where are my Lords?
 1995 *Hubert* **H**ard newes my Lord, *Arthur* the louely Pꝛince
 1996 **S**eeking to escape ouer the Castle walles,
 1997 **F**ell headlong downe, and in the curfed fall
 1998 **H**e brake his bones, and there befoze the gate
 1999 **P**our Barons found him dead, and breathlesse quite.
 2000 *Iohn* **I**s *Arthur* dead : then *Hubert* without moze woꝝds
 2001 **h**ang the Pꝛophet.

2002 Away with *Peter*, billen out of my sight,
 2003 I am deafe, be gone, let him not speake a word,
 2004 Now *Iohn*, thy feares are vanisht into smoake,
 2005 *Arthur* is dead, thou guilelesse of his death.
 2006 Swete Mouth, but that I striued for a Crowne,
 2007 I could haue well affoorded to thine age
 2008 Long life, and happines to thy content.

2009

Enter the Bastard.

2010 *Iohn Philip*, what newes with thee?
 2011 Bastard The newes I heard was *Peters* prayers,
 2012 Who witht like fortune to befall vs all :
 2013 And with that word, the rope his latestt friend,
 2014 kept him from falling headlong to the ground.
 2015 *Iohn* There let him hang, and be the Hauens food,
 2016 While *Iohn* triumphs in spight of Prophecies.
 2017 But whats the tidings from the Popelings now.
 2018 What say the Monkes and Priests to our proceedings :
 2019 Or wheres the Barons that so sodainly
 2020 Did leaue the King vpon a false surmise ?
 2021 Bastard The Prelates stozme & thirst for sharpe reuēge
 2022 But please your Maiestie, were that the worst,
 2023 It little skild : a greater danger growes,
 2024 Which must be weeded out by carefull speede,
 2025 Or all is lost, for all is leueld at.
 2026 *Iohn* More frights and feares, what ere thy tidings be,
 2027 I am preparde : then *Philip* quickly say,
 2028 Meane they to murder, or impzison me,
 2029 To giue my crowne away to *Rome* or *Fraunce*;
 2030 Or will they each of them become a King ?
 2031 Worse than I thinke it is, it cannot be.
 2032 Bastard Not worse my Lord, but euerie whit as bad.
 2033 The Nobles haue elected *Lewes* King,
 2034 In right of *Ladie Blanche* your Neece, his Wife:
 2035 His landing is expected euery hower,

2036 The Nobles, Commons, Clergie, all Estates,
 2037 Incited chiefly by the *Cardinall*,
 2038 *Pandulph* that liues here Legate for the Pope,
 2039 Thinks long to see their new elected King.
 2040 And for vndoubted prooffe, see here my Liege
 2041 Letters to me from your Nobilitie,
 2042 To be a partie in this action :
 2043 What vnder shew of fained holines,
 2044 Appoynt their meeting at *S. Edmonds Bury*,
 2045 There to consult, conspire, and conclude
 2046 The ouerthrow and downfall of your State.
 2047 *Iohn* Why so it must be : one hower of content
 2048 Hatcht with a month of passionate effects.
 2049 Why shines the Sunne to fauour this consort ?
 2050 Why doo the windes not breake their brazen gates,
 2051 And scatter all these periurd complices,
 2052 With all their counsells and their damned drifts.
 2053 But see the welkin rolleth gently on,
 2054 Theres not a lowring clowde to frowne on them ;
 2055 The heauen, the earth, the sunne, the moone and all
 2056 Conspire with those confederates my decay.
 2057 Then hell for me if any power be there,
 2058 Forsake that place, and guide me step by step
 2059 To poyson, strangle, murder in their steps
 2060 These traitors : oh that name is too good for them,
 2061 And death is easie : is there nothing worse
 2062 To wreake me on this proud peace-breaking crew :
 2063 What saist thou *Philip* ? why assists thou not,
 2064 *Bastard* These curses (good my Lord) fit not the season :
 2065 Help must descend from heauen against this treason ?
 2066 *Iohn* Say thou wilt prooue a traitor with the rest,
 2067 Goe get thee to them, shame come to you all.
 2068 *Bastard* I would be loath to leaue your Highnes thus,
 2069 Yet you command, and I though grieued will goe.
 2070 *Iohn* Ah *Philip* whether goest thou, come againe. (man.
 2071 *Bastard* My Lord these motions are as passions of a mad

2072 *Iohn* A mad man *Philip*, I am mad indeed,
 2073 My hart is mazd, my senses all foredone.
 2074 And *Iohn* of *England* now is quite vndone.
 2075 Was euer King as I opprest with cares!
 2076 Dame *Elleanor* my noble Mother *Duène*,
 2077 My onely hope and comfort in distresse,
 2078 Is dead, and *England* excommunicate,
 2079 And I am interdicted by the Pope,
 2080 All Churches curst, their doores are sealed vp,
 2081 And for the pleasure of the Romish Priest,
 2082 The seruice of the highest is neglected;
 2083 The multitude (a beast of many heads)
 2084 Doe with confusion to their Soueraigne;
 2085 The Nobles blinded with ambitions fumes,
 2086 Assemble powers to beat mine Empire downe,
 2087 And more than this, elect a forren King.
 2088 O *England*, wert thou euer miserable,
 2089 King *Iohn* of *England* sees thee miserable:
 2090 *Iohn*, tis thy sinnes that makes it miserable,
 2091 *Quicquid delirunt Reges, plectuntur Achiui.*
 2092 *Philip*, as thou hast euer loude thy King,
 2093 So shew it now: post to *S. Edmonds Bury*,
 2094 Dissemble with the Nobles, know their drifts,
 2095 Confound their diuelish plots, and damnd deuices.
 2096 Though *Iohn* be faultie, yet let subiects beare,
 2097 He will amend and right the peoples wrongs.
 2098 A Mother though she were vnnaturall,
 2099 Is better than the kindest Stepdame is:
 2100 Let neuer Englishman trust foraine rule.
 2101 Then *Philip* shew thy fealtie to thy King,
 2102 And mongst the Nobles plead thou for the King.
 2103 Bastard I goe my Lord: see how he is distraught,
 2104 This is the cursed Priest of *Italy*
 2105 Hath heapt these mischiefes on this haplesse Land.
 2106 Now *Philip*, hadst thou *Tullyes* eloquence,
 2107 Then mightst thou hope to plead with good successe. Exit.

2108 *Iohn* And art thou gone ! successe may follow thee :
 2109 Thus hast thou shewd thy kindnes to thy King.
 2110 Sirra, in hast goe greete the Cardinall,
 2111 *Pandulph* I meane, the Legate from the Pope.
 2112 Say that the King desires to speake with him.
 2113 Now *Iohn* bethinke thee how thou maist resolute :
 2114 And if thou wilt continue *Englands* King,
 2115 Then cast about to keepe thy Diadem ;
 2116 For life and land, and all is leueld at.
 2117 The Pope of *Rome*, tis he that is the cause,
 2118 He curseth thee, he sets thy subiects free
 2119 From due obedience to their Soueraigne :
 2120 He animates the Nobles in their warres,
 2121 He giues away the Crowne to *Philips* Sonne,
 2122 And pardons all that seeke to murther thee :
 2123 And thus blinde zeale is still predominant.
 2124 Then *Iohn* there is no way to keepe thy Crowne,
 2125 But finely to dissemble with the Pope :
 2126 That hand that gaue the wound must giue the salue
 2127 To cure the hurt, els quite incurable.
 2128 Thy sinnes are farre too great to be the man
 2129 To abolish Pope, and Popery from thy Realme :
 2130 But in thy Seate, if I may gesse at all,
 2131 A King shall raigne that shall suppress them all.
 2132 Peace *Iohn*, here comes the Legate of the Pope,
 2133 Dissemble thou, and whatsoere thou saist,
 2134 Yet with thy heart with their confusion.

2135 Enter *Pandulph*.

2136 *Pand.* Now *Iohn*, unworthie man to breathe on earth,
 2137 That dost oppugne against thy Mother Church :
 2138 Why am I sent for to thy cursed selfe :
 2139 *Iohn* Thou man of God, Vicegerent for the Pope,
 2140 The holy Vicar of *S. Peters* Church,
 2141 Upon my knees, I pardon craue of thee,

2142 And doo submit me to the sea of *Rome*,
 2143 And bow for penaunce of my high offence,
 2144 To take on me the holy Crosse of Chriſt,
 2145 And cary Armes in holy Chriſtian warres.
 2146 *Pandulph.* No *Iohn*, thy crowching and dissembling thus
 2147 Cannot deceiue the Legate of the Pope,
 2148 Say what thou wilt, I will not credit thee :
 2149 Thy Crowne and Kingdome both are tane away,
 2150 And thou art curst without redemption.
 2151 *Iohn* Accurst indeede to kneele to such a drudge,
 2152 And get no help with thy submission,
 2153 Unsheath thy sword, and ſley the misprowd Priest
 2154 That thus triumphs oze thee a mighty King :
 2155 No *Iohn* submit againe dissemble yet,
 2156 For Priests and Women must be flattered.
 2157 Yet holy Father thou thy selfe dost know
 2158 No time to late for sinners to repent,
 2159 Absolue me then, and *Iohn* doth sweare to doo
 2160 The uttermost what euer thou demaundst.
 2161 *Pandulph* *Iohn*, now I see thy hartie penitence,
 2162 I reioyce and pittie thy distressed estate,
 2163 One way is left to reconcile thy selfe,
 2164 And only one which I shall shew to thee.
 2165 Thou must surrender to the sea of *Rome*
 2166 Thy Crowne and Diademe, then shall the Pope
 2167 Defend thee from thinuasion of thy foes.
 2168 And where his holinesse hath kindled *Fraunce*,
 2169 And set thy subiects hearts at warre with thee,
 2170 Then shall he curse thy foes, and beate them downe,
 2171 That seeke the discontentment of the King.
 2172 *Iohn* From bad to woorse or I must lose my realme,
 2173 Or giue my Crowne for pennance vnto *Rome* ?
 2174 A miserie moze piercing than the darts
 2175 That breake from burning exhalations power.
 2176 What ! shall I giue my Crowne with this right hand :
 2177 No : with this hand defend thy Crowne and thee.
 2178 What netes with thee.

2179 Enter Messenger.

2180 Please it your Maiestie, there is descried on the Coast of
2181 *Kent* an hundred Sayle of Ships, which of all men is
2182 thought to be the French Fleete, vnder the conduct of the
2183 Dolphin, so that it puts the Cuntry in a mutinie, so they
2184 send to your Grace for succour.

2185 *K. Iohn* How now Lord Cardinall, whats your best aduise,

2186 These mutinies must be allayd in time

2187 By pollicy or headstrong rage at least.

2188 *O Iohn*, these troubles tyre thy wearyed soule,

2189 And like to *Luna* in a sad Eclipse,

2190 So are thy thoughts and passions for this newes.

2191 Well may it be when Kings are grieved so,

2192 The vulgar sort worke Princes ouerthrow.

2193 Cardinall *B. Iohn*, for not effecting of thy plighted vow.

2194 This strange annoyance happens to thy land :

2195 But yet be reconcild vnto the Church,

2196 And nothing shall be grievous to thy state.

2197 *Iohn* On *Pandulph* be it as thou hast decreed,

2198 *Iohn* will not spurne against thy sound aduise,

2199 Come lets away, and with thy helpe I trow

2200 My Realme shall flourish and my Crowne in peace.

2201 Enter the Nobles, *Penbrooke*, *Essex*, *Chester*, *Bewchampe*,

2202 *Clare*, with others.

2203 *Penbrooke* How sweet *S. Edmond* holy Saint in heauen,

2204 Whose Shrine is sacred, high esteemd on earth,

2205 Infuse a constant zeale in all our hearts

2206 To prosecute this act of mickle waight,

2207 Lord *Bewchampe* say, what friends haue you procured,

2208 *Bewchamp*. The *L. Fitz Water*, *L. Percy*, and *L. Rosse*,

2209 Nowd meeting heere this day the leuenth houre.

2210 *Essex* Under the cloke of holie Pilgrimage,

2211 By that same houre on warrant of their faith,

- 2212 *Phillip Plantagenet*, a bird of swiftest wing,
 2213 *Lord Eustace, Vescy, Lord Cressy, and Lord Mowbrey,*
 2214 Appoynted meeting at *S. Edmonds Shyrine.*
 2215 *Pembroke* Untill their presence ile conceale my tale,
 2216 Sweete complices in holie Chyistian acts,
 2217 That venture for the purchase of renowne,
 2218 Thrice welcome to the league of high resolute,
 2219 That payne their bodies for their soules regard.
 2220 *Essex* Now wanteth but the rest to end this worke,
 2221 In Pilgrims habit commes our holie troupe
 2222 A furlong hence with swift vnwonted pace,
 2223 May be they are the persons you expect. (zeale,
 2224 *Pembroke* With swift vnwonted gate, see what a thing is
 2225 That spurrs them on with seruence to this Shyrine,
 2226 Now ioi come to them for their true intent
 2227 And in good time heere come the warmen all
 2228 That sweate in body by the minds disease
 2229 Hap and hartsease braue Lordings be your lot.
 2230 Enter the Bastard *Phillip.* &c.
 2231 Amen my Lords, the like betide your lucke,
 2232 And all that trauaile in a Chyistian cause.
 2233 *Essex* Cheerely replied braue bzaunch of kingly stock,
 2234 A right *Plantagenet* should reason so.
 2235 But silence Lords, attend our commings cause,
 2236 The seruile yoke that payned vs with toyle,
 2237 On strong instinct hath framd this conuentickle,
 2238 To ease our necks of seruitudes contempt.
 2239 Should I not name the foeman of our rest,
 2240 Which of you all so barraine in conceipt,
 2241 As cannot leuell at the man I meane?
 2242 But least Enigmas shadow shining truth
 2243 Plainely to paint as truth requires no arte.
 2244 The effect of this resort impoxteth this,
 2245 To roote and cleane extirpate tirant *Iohn,*
 2246 Tirant I say, appealing to the man,
 2247 If any heere that loues him, and I aske

2248 What kindship, lenitie, or chřstian raigne
 2249 Rules in the man, to barre this soule impeach.
 2250 First I inferre the *Chesters* bannishment:
 2251 For reprehending him in most vnchřstian crimes,
 2252 Was speciall notice of a tyrants will.
 2253 But were this all, the deuill should be saud,
 2254 But this the least of many thousand faults,
 2255 That circumstance with leisure might display.
 2256 Our priuate wrongs, no parcell of my tale
 2257 Which now in presence, but for some great cause
 2258 Might with to him as to a mortall foe.
 2259 But shall I close the period with an acte
 2260 Abhorring in the eares of Chřstian men,
 2261 His Consens death, that sweet vnguilty childe,
 2262 Untimely butcherd by the tyrants meanes,
 2263 Here is my proofes as cleere as grauell brooke,
 2264 And on the same I further must inferre,
 2265 That who vpholds a tyrant in his course,
 2266 Is culpable of all his damned guilt.
 2267 To shew the which, is yet to be describd.
 2268 My Lord of *Penbrooke* shew what is behinde,
 2269 Only I say that were there nothing else
 2270 To moue vs but the Popes most dreadfull curse,
 2271 Whereof we are assured if we sayle,
 2272 It were inough to instigate vs all
 2273 With earnestnesse of spirit to seeke a meane
 2274 To dispossesse *Iohn* of his regiment.
 2275 *Penbrooke* Well hath my Lord of *Essex* tolde his tale,
 2276 Which I auer for most substanciall truth,
 2277 And more to make the matter to our minde,
 2278 I say that *Lewes* in chalenge of his wife,
 2279 Hath title of an vncontrouled plea
 2280 To all that longeth to our English Crowne.
 2281 Short tale to make, the Sea apostolick
 2282 Hath offerd dispensation for the fault.
 2283 If any be, as trust me none I know

2284 By planting *Lewes* in the Usurpers roome :
 2285 This is the cause of all our presence here,
 2286 That on the holie Altar we protest
 2287 To ayde the right of *Lewes* with goods and life,
 2288 Who on our knowledge is in Armes for *England*.
 2289 What say you Lords !
 2290 *Salsburie* As *Pembrooke* sayth, affirmeth *Salsburie* :
 2291 Faire *Lewes* of *Fraunce* that spoused Lady *Blanch*,
 2292 Hath title of an vncontrouled strength
 2293 To *England*, and what longeth to the Crowne :
 2294 In right whereof, as we are true informd,
 2295 The Prince is marching hitherward in Armes.
 2296 Our purpose to conclude that with a word,
 2297 Is to inuest him as we may deuise,
 2298 King of our Countrey in the tyrants stead :
 2299 And so the warrant on the Altar swozne,
 2300 And so the intent for which we hither came.
 2301 *Bastard*. My Lord of *Salsbury*, I cannot couch
 2302 My speeches with the needfull words of arte,
 2303 As doth beseme in such a waightie worke,
 2304 But what my conscience and my dutie will
 2305 I purpose to impart.
 2306 For *Chesters* exile, blame his busie wit,
 2307 That medled where his dutie quite forbade :
 2308 For any priuate causes that you haue,
 2309 We thinke they should not mount to such a height,
 2310 As to depose a King in their reuenge.
 2311 For *Arthurs* death King *Iohn* was innocent,
 2312 He desperat was the deathsmen to himselfe,
 2313 With you to make a colour to your crime iniustly do impute
 2314 But where fell traytozisme hath residence, (to his default,
 2315 There wants no words to set despight on worke.
 2316 I say tis shame, and worchy all reproofe,
 2317 To wrest such pettie wrongs in tearmes of right,
 2318 Against a King annoynted by the Lord.
 2319 Why *Salsburie* admit the wrongs are true,

2320 Yet subiects may not take in hand reuenge,
 2321 And rob the heauens of their proper power,
 2322 Where sitteth he to whome reuenge belongs.
 2323 And doth a Pope, a Priest, a man of pride
 2324 Giue charters for the liues of lawfull kings :
 2325 What can he blesse, or who regards his curse,
 2326 But such as giue to man, and takes from God.
 2327 I speake it in the sight of God aboue,
 2328 Theres not a man that dyes in your beliefe,
 2329 But sels his soule perpetually to payne.
 2330 And *Lewes*, leaue God, kill *Iohn*, please hell,
 2331 Make hauock of the welfare of your soules,
 2332 For heere I leaue you in the sight of heauen,
 2333 A troupe of traytors foode for hellish feends ;
 2334 If you desist, then follow me as friends,
 2335 If not, then doe your worst as hatefull traytors.
 2336 For *Lewes* his right alas tis too too lame,
 2337 A senselesse clayme, if truth be titles friend.
 2338 In brieft, if this be cause of our resort,
 2339 Our Pilgrimage is to the Devils Shrine.
 2340 I came not Lords to troup as traytors doe,
 2341 Nor will I counsaile in so bad a cause :
 2342 Please you returne, wee go againe as friends,
 2343 If not, I to my King, and you where traytors please. Exit.
 2344 *Percy* A hote young man, and so my Lords proceed,
 2345 I let him go, and better lost then found.
 2346 *Penbrooke* What say you Lords, will all the rest proceed,
 2347 Will you all with me sweare vpon the Altar
 2348 That you wil to the death be ayd to *Lewes*, & enemy to *Iohn* ?
 2349 Euery man lay his had by mine, in witnes of his harts accord,
 2350 Well then, euery man to Armes to meete the King
 2351 Who is alreadie before *London*.

2352 Messenger Enter.

2353 *Penbrooke* What newes Harrold.

2354 The right Chriftian Prince my Maifter, *Lewes of Fraunce*, is
 2355 at hand, comming to vifit your Honors, directed hether by
 2356 the right honorable *Richard Earle of Bigot*, to conferre
 2357 with your Honors.
 2358 *Penbrooke* How nere is his Highneffe,
 2359 *Messenger* Ready to enter your prefence.

2360 Enter *Lewes*, Earle *Bigot*, with his troupe.

2361 *Lewes* Faire Lords of England, *Lewes* falutes you all
 2362 As friends, and firme welwillers of his weale,
 2363 At whose request from plenty flowing *Fraunce*
 2364 Croffing the Ocean with a Southern gale,
 2365 He is in perfon come at your commaunds
 2366 To vndertake and gratifie withall
 2367 The fulneffe of your fauours proffred him.
 2368 But wolde bzaue men, omitting promifes,
 2369 Till time be minifter of more amends,
 2370 I muft acquaint you with our fortunes courfe.
 2371 The heauens dewing fauours on my head,
 2372 Haue in their conduct fafe with victorie,
 2373 Brought me along your well manured bounds,
 2374 With fmall repulfe, and little croffe of chaunce.
 2375 Your Citie *Rocheſter* with great applauſe
 2376 By ſome deuine inſtinct layd armes aſide:
 2377 And from the hollow holes of *Thameſis*
 2378 Echo apace replide *Vive la roy*.
 2379 From thence, along the wanton rowling glade
 2380 To *Troynouant* your fayre *Metropolis*,
 2381 With luck came *Lewes* to ſhew his troupes of *Fraunce*,
 2382 Mauiing our Enſignes with the dallying windes,
 2383 The fearefull obiect of fell frowning warre;
 2384 Where after ſome affault, and ſmall defence,
 2385 Heauens may I ſay, and not my warlike troupe,
 2386 Temperd their hearts to take a friendly foe
 2387 Within the compaſſe of their high built walles,

- 2388 Geuing me tittle as it seemd they with.
 2389 Thus Fortune (Lords) acts to your forwarndnes
 2390 Meanes of content in lieu of former grieve :
 2391 And may I liue but to requite you all,
 2392 Worlds with were mine in dying noted yours.
 2393 *Salisbury* Welcome the balme that closeth vp our wounds,
 2394 The soueraigne medicine for our quick recure,
 2395 The anchoz of our hope, the onely prop,
 2396 Whereon depends our liues, our lands, our weale,
 2397 Withouth the which, as sheepe withouth their heard,
 2398 (Except a shepheard winking at the wolfe)
 2399 We stray, we pine, we run to thousand harmes.
 2400 No meruaile then though with vntwonted ioy.
 2401 We welcome him that heateth woes away.
 2402 *Lewes* Thanks to you all of this religious league,
 2403 A holy knot of Catholique consent.
 2404 I cannot name you Lordings, man by man,
 2405 But like a stranger vnacquainted yet,
 2406 In generall I promise faithfull loue :
 2407 Lord *Bigot*, bzought me to *S. Edmonds* Shrine,
 2408 Giuing me warrant of a Chxistian oath,
 2409 That this assembly came deuoted heere,
 2410 To sweare accozding as your packets showd,
 2411 Homage and loyall seruice to our selfe,
 2412 I nede not doubt the suretie of your wills ;
 2413 Since well I know for many of your sakes
 2414 The towne haue yeelded on their owne accozds :
 2415 Yet for a fashon, not for misbeliefe,
 2416 My eyes must witnes, and these eares must heare
 2417 Your oath vpon the holy Altar swozne,
 2418 And after march to end our commings cause.
 2419 *Sal.* That we intend no other then good truth,
 2420 All that are present of this holy League,
 2421 For confirmation of our better trust,
 2422 In presence of his Highnes sweare with me,
 2423 The sequel that my selfe shal vtter heere,

2424 *I* Thomas Plantaginet Earle of Salisbury. Swear vpon the
 2425 Altar, and by the holy Armie of Saints, homage and alleag-
 2426 ance to the right Christian Prince Lewes of Fraunce, as true
 2427 and rightfull King to England, Cornwall and Wales, & to their
 2428 Territozies, in the defence whereof I vpon the holy Altare
 2429 swear all forwardnes. All the Eng. Lords sweare,

2430 As the noble Earle hath swozne, so swear we all.

2431 *Lewes* I rest assured on your holy oath,
 2432 And on this Altar in like sort I swear
 2433 Loue to you all, and Princely recompence
 2434 To guerdon your good wills vnto the full.
 2435 And since I am at this religious Shrine,
 2436 By good wellwillers, giue vs leaue awhile
 2437 To vse some ozisons our selues apart
 2438 To all the holy companie of heauen,
 2439 That they will smile vpon our purposes,
 2440 And bring them to a fortunate euent.

2441 *Salsbury* We leaue your Highnes to your good intent.

2442 Exeunt Lords of England.

2443 *Lewes* Now Vicount Meloun, what remaines behinde?

2444 Trust me these traitors to their souereigne State
 2445 Are not to be belæude in any sort.

2446 *Meloun* Indeed my Lord, they that infringe their oaths,
 2447 And play the rebells gainst their native King,
 2448 Will for as little cause reuolt from you,
 2449 If euer oppoztunitie incite them so:
 2450 For once forsworne, and neuer after sound,
 2451 Theres no affiance after periurie.

2452 *Lewes* Well Meloun well, lets smooch with them awhile,
 2453 Untill we haue asmuch as they can doo:

2454 And when their vertue is exhæled drie,
 2455 I hang them for the guerdon of their help,
 2456 Meane while wee'l vse them as a precious poyson
 2457 To vndertake the issue of our hope.

2458 *Fr. Lord* Tis policie (my Lord) to bait our hookes
 2459 With merry smiles, and promise of much waight:

2460 But when your Highnes needeth them no more,
 2461 Tis good make sure woꝝk with them, leaſt indeede
 2462 They pꝛooue to you as to their naturall King.
 2463 *Melun* Truſt me my Loꝝd right well haue you aduiſde
 2464 Wenyme foꝝ uſe, but neuer foꝝ a ſpoꝛt
 2465 Iſ to be dallyed with, leaſt it infect.
 2466 Where you inſtald, as ſoone I hope you ſhall:
 2467 Be free from traitoꝝs, and diſpatch them all.
 2468 *Lewes* That ſo I meane, I ſweare befoꝛe you all
 2469 On this ſame Altar, and by heauens poꝛwer,
 2470 Theres not an Engliſh traytoꝝ of them all,
 2471 *Iohn* once diſpatcht, and I faire *Englands* King,
 2472 Shall on his ſoulders beare his head one day,
 2473 But I will crop it foꝝ their guiltes deſert :
 2474 Noꝝ ſhall their heires enioy their Signoꝛies,
 2475 But perith by their parents ſowle amiſſe.
 2476 This haue I ſwoꝛne, and this will I perfoꝛme,
 2477 If ere I come vnto the height I hope.
 2478 Lay downe your hands, and ſweare the ſame with mee.

2479 The French Lords ſweare.

2480 Why ſo, now call them in, and ſpeake them faire,
 2481 A ſmile of *France* will feed an Engliſh ſoule.
 2482 Beare them in hand as friends, foꝝ ſo they be :
 2483 But in the hart like traytoꝝs as they are.

2484 Enter the Engliſh Lords.
 2485 Now famous followers, chieftaines of the woꝛld,
 2486 Haue we ſollicited with heartie pꝛayer
 2487 The heauen in fauour of our high attempt.
 2488 Leaue we this place, and march we with our poꝛwer
 2489 To rowle the Tyꝛant from his chiefeſt hold :
 2490 And when our labours haue a pꝛoſpꝛous end,
 2491 Each man ſhall reape the fruite of his deſert.
 2492 And ſo reſolude, bꝛaue followers let vs hence.

2158 2493 Enter *K. Iohn, Bastard, Pandulph*, and a many priests
 2494 with them.

2495 Thus *Iohn* thou art absolude from all thy sinnes,
 2496 And freed by order from our Fathers curse.
 2161 2497 Receiue thy Crowne againe, with this prouiso,
 2498 That thou remaine true liegeman to the Pope,
 2499 And carry armes in right of holy *Rome*.
 2500 *Iohn* I holde the same as tenaunt to the Pope,
 2501 And thanke your Holines for your kindnes showane.
 2502 *Philip* A proper iest, when Kings must stoop to Friers,
 2503 Neede hath no law, when Friers must be Kings.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants. 2158

K.Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand 2159
The Circle of my glory. 2160

Pan. Take againe 2161
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope 2162
Your Soueraigne greatnesse and authoritie. 2163

Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*, 2164
And from his holinesse vse all your power 2165
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd : 2166
Our discontented Counties doe reuolt : 2167
Our people quarrell with obedience, 2168
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of foule 2169
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty ; 2170
This inundation of mistempered humor, 2171
Refts by you onely to be qualified. 2172
Then pause not : for the present time's so sicke, 2173
That present medicine must be ministred, 2174
Or ouerthrow incurable ensues. 2175

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest vp, 2176
Vpon your stubborne vface of the Pope : 2177
But since you are a gentle conuertite, 2178
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre, 2179
And make faire weather in your blustering land : 2180
On this Ascention day, remember well, 2181

2189 2504 Enter a Messenger.

2192 2505 *Mess.* Please it your Maiestie, the Prince of Fraunce.
2506 With all the Nobles of your Graces Land,
2507 Are marching hetherward in good aray.
2508 Where ere they set their foote, all places yeld :
2509 Thy Land is theirs, and not a foote holds out
2190 2510 But *Douer* Castle, which is hard besiegd.

Vpon your oath of seruice to the Pope, 2182
 Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.* 2183
Iohn. Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet 2184
 Say, that before Ascension day at noone, 2185
 My Crowne I should giue off? euen so I haue : 2186
 I did suppose it should be on constraint, 2187
 But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary. 2188

Enter Bastard. 2189

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded : nothing there holds out 2190
 But Douer Castle : London hath receiu'd 2191
 Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers. 2192
 Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone 2193
 To offer seruice to your enemy : 2194
 And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe 2195
 The little number of your doubtfull friends. 2196
Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe 2197
 After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue? 2198
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets, 2199
 An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life 2200
 By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away. 2201
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue. 2202
Bast. So on my foule he did, for ought he knew : 2203
 But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad? 2204
 Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought : 2205
 Let not the world see feare and sad distrust 2206
 Gouverne the motion of a kinglye eye : 2207
 Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire, 2208
 Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow 2209
 Of bragging horror : So shall inferior eyes 2210
 That borrow their behauiours from the great, 2211
 Grow great by your example, and put on 2212
 The dauntlesse spirit of resolution. 2213
 Away, and glister like the god of warre 2214
 When he intendeth to become the field : 2215

2511 *Pandulph* Feare not King *Iohn*, thy kingdome is \hat{v} popes,
2512 And they shall know his Holines hath power,
2513 To beate them soone from whence he hath to doo.

Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence : 2216
 What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne, 2217
 And fright him there? and make him tremble there? 2218
 Oh let it not be said : forrage, and runne 2219
 To meet displeasure farther from the dores, 2220
 And grapple with him ere he come so nye. 2221

Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee, 2222
 And I haue made a happy peace with him, 2223
 And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers 2224
 Led by the Dolphin. 2225

Basl. Oh inglorious league : 2226
 Shall we vpon the footing of our land, 2227
 Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprimise, 2228
 Infination, parley, and bafe truce 2229
 To Armes Inuasie? Shall a beardlesse boy, 2230
 A cockred-silken wanton braue our fields, 2231
 And flesh his spirit in a warre-like foyle, 2232
 Mocking the ayre with colours idley spred, 2233
 And finde no checke? Let vs my Liege to Armes : 2234
 Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace ; 2235
 Or if he doe, let it at least be said 2236
 They saw we had a purpose of defence. 2237

Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this present time. 2238

Basl. Away then with good courage : yet I know 2239
 Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.* 2240

2241 2514 Drums and Trumpets. Enter *Lewes, Melun, Salis-*
2515 *bury, Effex, Pembroke,* and all the Nobles from
2516 *Fraunce, and England.*

2517 *Lewes Pandulph, as gaue his Holines in charge,*
2518 *So hath the Dolphin mustred vp his troupes*
2519 *And wonne the greatestt part of all this Land.*
2520 *But ill becomes your Grace Lozd Cardinall,*
2521 *Thus to conuerse with Iohn that is accurst.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pem- 2241
broke, Bigot, Souldiers. 2242

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out, 2243
 And keepe it safe for our remembrance: 2244
 Returne the president to these Lords againe, 2245
 That hauing our faire order written downe, 2246
 Both they and we, perusing ore these notes 2247
 May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament, 2248
 And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable. 2249
Sal. Vpon our sides it neuer shall be broken. 2250
 And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare 2251
 A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith 2252
 To your proceedings: yet beleue me Prince, 2253
 I am not glad that such a fore of Time 2254
 Should seeke a plafter by contemn'd reuolt, 2255
 And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound, 2256
 By making many: Oh it grieues my foule, 2257
 That I must draw this mettle from my side 2258
 To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there 2259
 Where honourable rescue, and defence 2260
 Cries out vpon the name of *Salisbury*. 2261
 But such is the infection of the time, 2262
 That for the health and Physicke of our right, 2263
 We cannot deale but with the very hand 2264
 Of sterne Iniustice, and confused wrong: 2265

And is't not pittie, (oh my griued friends)	2266
That we, the fonnes and children of this Isle,	2267
Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,	2268
Wherein we step after a stranger, march	2269
Vpon her gentle bosom, and fill vp	2270
Her Enemies rankes? I must withdraw, and weepe	2271
Vpon the spot of this inforced cause,	2272
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,	2273
And follow vnacquainted colours heere :	2274
What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remoue,	2275
That <i>Neptunes</i> Armes who clippeth thee about,	2276
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,	2277
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan shore,	2278
Where these two Christian Armies might combine	2279
The blood of malice, in a vaine of league,	2280
And not to spend it so vn-neighbourly.	2281
<i>Dolph.</i> A noble temper dost thou shew in this,	2282
And great affections wrastring in thy bosome	2283
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility :	2284
Oh, what a noble combat hast fought	2285
Between compulsion, and a braue respect :	2286
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,	2287
That filuerly doth progresse on thy cheekes :	2288
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,	2289
Being an ordinary Inundation :	2290
But this effusion of such manly drops,	2291
This shewre, blowne vp by tempest of the foule,	2292
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd	2293
Then had I seene the vaultie top of heauen	2294
Figur'd quite ore wirh burning Meteors.	2295
Lift vp thy brow (renowned <i>Salisbury</i>)	2296
And with a great heart heaue away this storme :	2297
Commend these waters to those baby-eyes	2298
That neuer saw the giant-world enrag'd,	2299
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,	2300
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping :	2301

- 2312 2522 *Pandulph Lewes of France, victorious Conqueroz,*
 2523 *Whose sword hath made this Iland quake for fear ;*
 2524 *Thy forwardnes to fight for holy Rome,*
 2525 *Shalbe remunerated to the full :*
 2526 *But know my Lord, K. Iohn is now absolute,*
 2527 *The Pope is please, the Land is blest agen,*
 2528 *And thou hast brought eath thing to good effect.*
 2317 2529 *It resteth then that thou withdraw thy powers,*
 2530 *And quietly returne to Fraunce againe :*
 2531 *For all is done the Pope would with thæ doo.*
 2332 2532 *Lewes But als not done that Lewes came to doo,*
 2533 *Why Pandulph, hath K. Philip sent his sonne*
 2534 *And been at such excessive charge in warres,*
 2535 *To be dismissed with words : K. Iohn shall know,*

Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe 2302
 Into the purse of rich prosperity 2303
 As *Lewis* himselfe :so (Nobles) shall you all, 2304
 That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine. 2305

Enter Pandulpho. 2306

And euen there, methinkes an Angell spake, 2307
 Looke where the holy Legate comes apace, 2308
 To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen, 2309
 And on our actions set the name of right 2310
 With holy breath. 2311

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France* : 2312

The next is this : King *Iohn* hath reconcil'd 2313
 Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in, 2314
 That so stood out against the holy Church, 2315
 The great Metropolis and Sea of *Rome* : 2316
 Therefore thy threatening Colours now winde vp, 2317
 And tame the sauage spirit of wilde warre, 2318
 That like a Lion fostered vp at hand, 2319
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace, 2320
 And be no further harmefull then in shewe. 2321

Dol. Your Grace shall pardon me, I will not backe : 2322
 I am too high-borne to be proportied 2323
 To be a secondary at controll, 2324
 Or vsfull seruing-man, and Instrument 2325
 To any Soueraigne State throughout the world. 2326
 Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres, 2327
 Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe, 2328
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire; 2329
 And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out 2330
 With that same weake winde, which enkindled it : 2331
 You taught me how to know the face of right, 2332
 Acquainted me with interest to this Land, 2333
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart, 2334
 And come ye now to tell me *Iohn* hath made 2335
 His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me? 2336
 I (by the honour of my marriage bed) 2337

2338 2536 *England is mine, and he vsurps my right.*

2353 2537 *Pand. Lewes, I charge thee and thy complices*
 2538 *Upon the paine of Pandulphs holy curse,*
 2539 *That thou withdraw thy powers to Fraunce againe,*
 2540 *And yeeld vp London and the neighbour Townes*
 2541 *That thou hast tane in England by the sword.*

2542 *Melun Lord Cardinall, by Lewes princely leaue,*
 2543 *It can be nought but vsurpation*
 2544 *In thee, the Pope, and all the Church of Rome,*
 2545 *Thus to insult on Kings of Chriffendome,*
 2546 *Now with a word to make them carie armes,*
 2547 *Then with a word to make them leaue their armes.*
 2548 *This must not be: Prince Lewes keepe thine owne,*
 2549 *Let Pope and Popelings curse their bellies full.*

After yong <i>Arthur</i> , claime this Land for mine,	2338
And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe,	2339
Because that <i>Iohn</i> hath made his peace with <i>Rome</i> ?	2340
Am I <i>Romes</i> slaue? What penny hath <i>Rome</i> borne?	2341
What men prouided? What munition sent	2342
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I	2343
That vnder-goe this charge? Who else but I,	2344
And such as to my claime are liable,	2345
Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?	2346
Haue I not heard these Islanders shout out	2347
<i>Vive le Roy</i> , as I haue bank'd their Townes?	2348
Haue I not heere the best Cards for the game	2349
To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?	2350
And shall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?	2351
No, no, on my foule it neuer shall be said.	2352
<i>Pand.</i> You looke but on the out-side of this worke.	2353

<i>Dol.</i> Out-side or in-side, I will not returne	2354
Till my attempt so much be glorified,	2355
As to my ample hope was promised,	2356
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,	2357
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world	2358
To out-looke Conquest, and to winne renowne	2359
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death :	2360
What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon vs?	2361

- 2365 2550 *Bast.* My Lord of Melun, what title had the Prince
 2551 To England and the Crowne of Albion,
 2552 But such a title as the Pope confirmde :
 2553 The Prelate now lets fall his fained claime :
 2554 Lewes is but the agent for the Pope,
 2555 Then must the Dolphin cease, sith he hath ceast:
 2556 But cease or no, it greatly matters not,
 2557 If you my Lords and Barrons of the Land
 2558 Will leane the French, and cleaue vnto your King.
 2559 For shame ye Peeres of England, suffer not
 2560 Your selues, your honours, and your land to fall :
 2561 But with resolued thoughts beate back the French,
 2562 And free the Land from yoke of seruitude.
 2563 Salisbury Philip, not so, Lord Lewes is our King,
 2564 And we will follow him vnto the death.
 2369 2565 *Pand.* Then in the name of Innocent the Pope,
 2566 I curse the Prince and all that take his part,
 2567 And excommunicate the rebell Peeres
 2568 As traytors to the King, and to the Pope.
 2569 Lewes Pandolph, our swords shall blesse our selues agen :
 2570 Prepare thee Iohn, Lords follow me your King. *Exeunt.*
 2571 Iohn Accursed Iohn, the diuell owes thee shame,
 2572 Resisting Rome, or yeelding to the Pope, alls one.
 2573 The diuell take the Pope, the Peeres, and Franncce :
 2574 Shame be my share for yeelding to the Priest.
 2575 *Pand.* Comfort thy self K. Iohn, the Cardnall goes
 2576 Upon his curse to make them leaue their armes. *Exit.*
 2372 2577 *Bastard* Comfort my Lord, and curse the Cardinall,
 2578 Betake your self to armes, my troupes are prest
 2579 To answere Lewes with a lustie shocke :
 2580 The English Archers haue their quiuers full,
 2581 Their bowes are bent, the pykes are prest to push :
 2582 God cheere my Lord, K. Richards fortune hangs
 2583 Upon the plume of warlike Philips helme.
 2584 Then let them know his brother and his sonne
 2585 Are leaders of the Englishmen at armes.

Enter Bastard.

2362

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,

2363

Let me haue audience : I am fent to speake :

2364

My holy Lord of Millane, from the King

2365

I come to learne how you haue dealt for him :

2366

And, as you answer, I doe know the scope

2367

And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

2368

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite

2369

And will not temporize with my intreaties :

2370

He flatly faies, hee ll not lay downe his Armes.

2371

Bast. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,

2372

The youth faies well. Now heare our *English* King,

2373

For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me :

2374

He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,

2375

This apish and vnmanly approach,

2376

This harness'd Maske, and vnaduised Reuell,

2377

This vn-heard sawcynesse and boyish Troopes,

2378

The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd

2379

2586 *Iohn Philip* I know not how to answere thee :
2587 But let vs hence, to answere *Lewes* pride.

To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes	2380
From out the circle of his Territories.	2381
That hand which had the strength, euen at your dore,	2382
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,	2383
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,	2384
To crouch in litter of your stable planks,	2385
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in chests and trunks,	2386
To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out	2387
In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,	2388
Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,	2389
Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.	2390
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,	2391
That in your Chambers gaue you chastisement ?	2392
No : know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,	2393
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,	2394
To fowse annoyance that comes neere his Nest ;	2395
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,	2396
you bloody Nero's, ripping vp the wombe	2397
Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:	2398
For your owne Ladies, and pale-vifag'd Maides,	2399
Like <i>Amazons</i> , come tripping after drummes :	2400
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,	2401
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts	2402
To fierce and bloody inclination.	2403

Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace, 2404
 We grant thou canst out-cold vs : Far thee well, 2405
 We hold our time too precious to be spent 2406
 With such a brabler. 2407

Pan. Giue me leaue to speake. 2408

Bast. No, I will speake. 2409

Dol. We will attend to neyther : 2410

Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre 2411

Pleade for our interest, and our being heere. 2412

Bast. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out ; 2413

And so shall you, being beaten : Do but start 2414
 An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme, 2415
 And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd, 2416
 That shall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine. 2417
 Sound but another, and another shall 2418
 (As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare, 2419
 And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder : for at hand 2420
 (Not trufing to this halting Lcgate heere, 2421
 Whom he hath vs'd rather for sport, then neede) 2422
 Is warlike *Iohn* : and in his fore-head fits 2423
 A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day 2424
 To feast vpon whole thoufands of the French. 2425

Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out. 2426

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt 2427

Exeunt. 2428

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert. 2429

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert.* 2430

Hub. Badly I feare ; how fares your Maiefty ? 2431

Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me so long, 2432
 Lyes heauie on me : oh, my heart is ficke. 2433

Enter a Messenger. 2434

Mef. My Lord : your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge,* 2435
 Defires your Maieftie to leaue the field, 2436

And fend him word by me, which way you go. 2437

Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey there. 2438

Mef. Be of good comfort : for rhe great supply 2439
 That was expected by the Dolphin heere, 2440

Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands. 2441

This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now, 2442

The French fight coldly, and retyre themfelues. 2443

2455 2588 Excursions. Enter *Meloun* with English Lords.

2589 *Mel.* O I am flaine, Nobles, *Salsbury*, *Pembrooke*,
 2590 My soule is charged, heare me : for what I say
 2591 Concernes the Peeres of *England*, and their State.

2592 Listen, braue Lords, a fearfull mourning tale
 2593 To be deliuered by a man of death.
 2594 Behold these scarres, the dole of bloudie *Mars*
 2595 Are harbingers from natures common foe,
 2596 Cyting this trunke to *Tellus* prison house ;
 2597 Lifes charter (Lordsings) lasteth not an hower :
 2598 And fearfull thoughts, forerunners of my end,
 2599 Bids me giue Physicke to a sickly soule.
 2460 2600 O Peeres of *England*, know you what you doo,
 2601 Theres but a haire that sunders you from harme,
 2602 The hooke is bayted, and the traine is made,
 2603 And simply you runne doating to your deaths.

Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp, 2444
And will not let me welcome this good newes. 2445
Set on toward *Swinsfed*: to my Litter straight, 2446
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.* 2447

Scena Quarta.

<i>Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.</i>	2448
<i>Sal.</i> I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.	2449
<i>Pem.</i> Vp once againe : put spirit in the French,	2450
If they miscarry : we miscarry too.	2451
<i>Sal.</i> That misbegotten diuell <i>Falconbridge</i> ,	2452
In spight of spight, alone vpholds the day.	2453
<i>Pem.</i> They say King <i>Iohn</i> fore sick, hath left the field.	2454
<i>Enter Meloone wounded.</i>	2455
<i>Mel.</i> Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.	2456
<i>Sal.</i> When we were happie, we had other names.	2457
<i>Pem.</i> It is the Count <i>Meloone</i> .	2458
<i>Sal.</i> Wounded to death.	2459

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and fold, 2460
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion, 2461
And welcome home againe discarded faith, 2462
Seeke out King *Iohn*, and fall before his feete : 2463

2604 But least I dye, and leaue my tale vntolde,
 2605 With silence slaughtering so bzaue a crew,
 2464 2606 This I auerre, if *Lewes* win the day,
 2607 Theres not an Englishman that lifts his hand
 2608 Against King *Iohn* to plant the heire of *Fraunce*,
 2609 But is already damnd to cruell death.
 2610 I heard it bowd ; my selfe amongst the rest
 2469 2611 Swoze on the Altar aid to this Edict.

2612 Two causes Lords, makes me display this dñist,
 2613 The greatest for the freedome of my soule,
 2614 That longs to leaue this mansion free from guilt :
 2615 The other on a naturall instinct,
 2492 2616 For that my Grandfire was an Englishman.
 2617 Misdoubt not Lords the truth of my discourse,
 2618 No frenzie, noz no bzainsick idle fit,
 2619 But well aduisde, and wotting what I say,
 2620 Pronounce I here befoze the face of heauen,
 2621 That nothing is discovered but a truth.
 2463 2622 Tis time to flie, submit your selues to *Iohn*,
 2623 The smiles of *Fraunce* shade in the frownes of death,
 2624 Lift vp your swords, turne face against the French,
 2625 Crpell the yoke thats framed for your necks.
 2626 Back warmen, back, imbowell not the clyme,
 2627 Your seate, your nurse, your birth dayes breathing place,
 2628 That bzed you, beares you, bzought you vp in armes.
 2629 Ah be not so ingrate to digge your Mothers graue,
 2630 Preserue your lambes and beate away the Wolfe.
 2631 My soule hath said, contritions penitence
 2632 Layes hold on mans redemption for my sinne.
 2633 Farewell my Lords, witnes my faith when wee are met in
 2494 2634 And for my kindnes giue me graue roome heere. (heauen,
 2635 My soule doth fleete, worlds vanities fare well.

For if the French be Lords of this loud day, 2464
 He meanes to recompence the paines you take, 2465
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworne, 2466
 And I with him, and many moe with mee, 2467
 Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury*, 2468
 Euen on that Altar, where we ſwore to you 2469
 Deere Amity, and euerlaſting loue. 2470

Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true? 2471

Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view, 2472
 Retaining but a quantity of life, 2473
 Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe 2474
 Refolueth from his figure 'gainſt the fire? 2475
 What in the world ſhould make me now deceiue, 2476
 Since I muſt looſe the uſe of all deceite? 2477
 Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true 2478
 That I muſt dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth? 2479
 I ſay againe, if *Lewis* do win the day, 2480
 He is forſworne, if ere thoſe eyes of yours 2481
 Behold another day breake in the Eaſt: 2482
 But euen this night, whoſe blacke contagious breath 2483
 Already ſmoakes about the burning Creſt 2484
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne, 2485
 Euen this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire, 2486
 Paying the fine of rated Treachery, 2487
 Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues: 2488
 If *Lewis*, by your aſiſtance win the day. 2489
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King; 2490
 The loue of him, and this reſpect beſides 2491
 (For that my Grandfire was an Engliſhman) 2492
 Awakes my Conſcience to confeſſe all this. 2493
 In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence 2494
 From forth the noiſe and rumour of the Field; 2495
 Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts 2496
 In peace :and part this bodie and my ſoule 2497
 With contemplation, and deuout deſires. 2489

2499 2636 *Sals.* Now ioy betide thy soule wel-meaning man.
 2637 Now now my Lords, what cooling card is this,
 2638 A greater grieve growes now than earst hath been.
 2639 What counsell giue you, shall we stay and dye ?
 2507 2640 O! shall we home, and kneele vnto the king.

2641 *Pemb.* My hart misgaue this sad accursed netwes :
 2642 What haue we done, fie Lords, what frenzie moued
 2643 Our hearts to yeeld vnto the pride of *Fraunce* ?
 2644 If we perseuer, we are sure to dye :
 2645 If we desist, small hope againe of life.
 2646 *Salsb.* Beare hence the bodie of this wretched man,
 2647 That made vs wretched with his dying tale,
 2648 And stand not wayling on our present harmes,
 2649 As women wont : but seeke our harmes redresse.
 2650 As for my selfe, I will in hast be gon :
 2651 And kneele for pardon to our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
 2652 *Pemb.* I, theres the way, lets rather kneele to him,
 2653 Than to the French that would confound vs all. *Exeunt.*
 2654 Enter *King Iohn* carried betweene 2. Lords.
 2655 *Iohn* Set downe, set downe the load not wortz your pain,
 2656 For done I am with deadly wounding grieve :
 2657 Sickly and succourles, hopeles of any good,
 2658 The world hath wearied me, and I haue wearied it :
 2659 It loaths I liue, I liue and loath my selfe.
 2660 Who pities me : to whom haue I been kinde ?
 2661 But to a few ; a few will pitie me.
 2662 Why dye I not ? Death scoznes so vilde a pray.
 2663 Why liue I not, life hates so sad a prize.

Sal. We do beleeeue thee, and beshrew my foule, 2499
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme 2500
Of this most faire occasion, by the which 2501
We will vntread the steps of damned flight, 2502
And like a bated and retired Flood, 2503
Leauing our ranknesse and irregular course, 2504
Stoope lowe within those bounds we haue ore-look'd, 2505
And calmely run on in obedience 2506
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn.* 2507
My arme shall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence, 2508
For I do see the cruell pangs of death 2509
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight, 2510
And happie newnesse, that intends old right. *Exeunt* 2511

2664 I sue to both to be retaynd of either,
 2665 But both are deafe, I can be heard of neither.
 2666 For death nor life, yet life and neare the neere,
 2667 I mirt with death biding I wot not where.
 2668 *Phillip.* How fares my Lord that he is taryed thus,
 2669 Not all the auerward fortunes yet befallne,
 2670 Made such impression of lament in me.
 2671 For euer did my eye attaynt my heart
 2672 With any object mouing moze remorse,
 2673 Than now beholding of a mighty King,
 2674 Borne by his Lords in such distressed state.
 2675 *Iohn* What news with thee, if bad, report it strait :
 2676 If good, be mute, it doth but flatter me.
 2677 *Phillip* Such as it is, and heauie though it be
 2678 To glut the world with tragick elegies,
 2679 Once will I breath to agrauate the rest,
 2680 Another moane to make the measure full.
 2681 The brassest Bowman had not yet sent forth
 2682 Two arrowes from the quiver at his side,
 2683 But that a rumour went throughout our Campe,
 2684 That *Iohn* was fled, the King had left the field.
 2685 At last the rumour scald these eares of mine,
 2686 Who rather chose as sacrifice for *Mars*,
 2687 Than ignominious scandall by retyze.
 2688 I cheerd the troupes as did the Prince of *Troy*
 2689 His weery followers gainst the *Hirnidons*,
 2690 Crying alowde *S. George*, the day is ours.
 2691 But feare had captiuated courage quite,
 2692 And like the Lamb before the greedie Wolfe,
 2693 So hartlesse fled our warmen from the field.
 2694 Short tale to make, my selfe amongst the rest,
 2695 Was faine to flie before the eager foe.
 2696 By this time night had shadowed all the earth,
 2697 With sable curteines of the blackest hue,
 2698 And sent vs from the fury of the French,
 2699 As *Io* from the iealous *Iunos* eye,

- 2700 When in the morning our troupes did gather head,
 2701 Passing the washes with our carriages,
 2702 The impartiall tyde deadly and ineroxable,
 2703 Came raging in with billowes threathing death,
 2704 And swallowed vp the most of all our men,
 2705 My selfe vpon a Galloway right frée, well pacde,
 2706 Out stript the clouds that followed waue by waue,
 2707 I so escapt to tell this tragick tale.
 2708 *Iohn* Griefe vpon griefe, yet none so great a griefe,
 2709 To end this life, and thereby rid my griefe.
 2710 Was euer any so infortunate,
 2711 The right Idea of a cursed man,
 2712 As I, poore I, a triumph for despight,
 2713 My feuer growes, what ague shakes me so :
 2714 How farre to Swinfeed, tell me do you know,
 2715 Present vnto the Abbot word of my repaire.
 2716 My sicknesse rages, to tyrannize vpon me,
 2717 I cannot liue vlesse this feuer leaue me.
 2718 *Phillip*. Good cheare my Lord, the Abbey is at hand,
 2719 Behold my Lord the Churchmen come to meete you.
 2720 Enter the Abbot, and certayne Monks.
 2721 *Abbot* All health & happines to our soueraigne Lord the
 2722 *Iohn* For health nor happines hath *Iohn* at all. (*King*,
 2723 Say Abbot am I welcome to thy house.
 2724 *Abbot* Such welcome as our Abbey can affoord,
 2725 Your Maiesty shalbe assured of.
 2726 *Phillip* The King thou seest is weake and very faint,
 2727 What victuals hast thou to refresh his Grace.
 2728 *Abbot* Good store my Lord, of that you neede not feare,
 2729 For Lincolneshire, and these our Abbey grounds
 2730 Were neuer fatter, nor in better plight.
 2731 *Iohn Phillip*, thou neuer needst to doubt of cates,
 2732 For King nor Lord is seated halfe so well,
 2733 As are the Abbeyes throughout all the land,
 2734 If any plot of ground do passe another,
 2735 The Friers fasten on it freight :

2736 But let vs in to tasste of their repast,
 2737 It goes against my heart to feed with them,
 2738 O be beholding to such Abbey groomes. Exeunt.

2739 *Manet* the Monke.

2740 *Monk.* Is this the King that neuer loud a Frier:
 2741 Is this the man that doth contemne the Pope:
 2742 Is this the man that robd the holy Church,
 2743 And yet will flye vnto a Friozy:
 2744 Is this the King that aymes at Abbeyes lands:
 2745 Is this the man whome all the worlde abhoyres,
 2746 And yet will flye vnto a Friozy:
 2747 Accurst be Swinfeed Abbey, Abbot, Friers,
 2748 Moncks, Puns, and Clarks, and all that dwells therein,
 2749 If wicked *Iohn* escape aliuie away.
 2750 Now if that thou wilt looke to merit heauen,
 2751 And be canonizd for a holy Saint:
 2752 To please the worlde with a deseruing worke,
 2753 Be thou the man to set thy cuntrey free,
 2754 And murder him that seekes to murder thee.

2755 Enter the Abbot.

2756 *Abbot* Why are not you within to cheare the King:
 2757 He now begins to mend, and will to meate.
 2758 *Monk* What if I say to strangle him in his sleepe:
 2759 *Abbot* What at thy *mumpsimus*? away,
 2760 And seeke some meanes for to pastime the King.
 2761 *Monk* Ile set a dudgeon dagger at his heart,
 2762 And with a mallet knock him on the head.
 2763 *Abbot* Alas, what meanes this Monke to murther me:
 2764 Dare lay my life heel kill me for my place.
 2765 *Monk* Ile poyson him, and it shall neare be knowne,
 2766 And then shall I be chiefeft of my house.
 2767 *Abbot* If I were dead, indeed he is the next,
 2768 But ile away, for why the Monke is mad,
 2769 And in his madnesse he will murther me.

- 2770 *Monk* My L. I cry your Lordship mercy, I saw you not.
 2771 *Abbot* Alas good *Thomas* doe not murther me, and thou
 2772 shalt haue my place with thousand thanks.
 2773 *Monk* I murther you, God sheeld from such a thought.
 2774 *Abbot* If thou wilt needes, yet let me say my prayers.
 2775 *Monk* I will not hurt your Lordship good my Lord : but
 2776 if you please, I will impart a thing that shall be beneficiall to
 2777 vs all.
 2778 *Abbot* Wilt thou not hurt me holy *Monke*, say on.
 2779 *Monk* You know my Lord the King is in our house,
 2780 *Abbot* True.
 2781 *Monk* You know likewise the King abhoyes a frier,
 2782 *Abbot* True.
 2783 *Monk* And he that loues not a frier is our enemy.
 2784 *Abbot* Thou sayst true.
 2785 *Monk* Then the King is our enemy.
 2786 *Abbot* True.
 2787 *Monk* Why then should we not kil our enemy, & the King
 2788 being our enemy, why then should we not kill the King.
 2789 *Abbot* O blessed *Monke*, I see God moues thy minde to
 2790 free this land from tyrants flauery.
 2791 But who dare venter for to do this deede :
 2792 *Monk* Who dare : why I my Lord dare do the deede,
 2793 Ile free my Countrey and the Church from foes,
 2794 And merit heauen by killing of a King.
 2795 *Abbot* *Thomas* kneele downe, and if thou art resolute,
 2796 I will absolue thee heere from all thy sinnes,
 2797 For why the deede is meritorious.
 2798 Forward and feare not man, for euery month,
 2799 Our friers shall sing a Masse for *Thomas* soule.
 2800 *Monk* God and S.*Francis* prosper my attempt,
 2801 For now my Lord I goe about my worke. Exeu^{ut}.

- 2512 2802 Enter *Lewes* and his armie.
 2803 *Lewes* Thus victoꝝy in bloudy Lawzell clad,
 2804 Followes the foꝝtune of young *Lodowicke*.
 2515 2805 The Engliſhmen as daunted at our ſight,
 2806 Fall as the fowle befoꝝe the Eagles eyes.
 2807 Only two croſſes of contrary change
 2808 Do nip my heart, and bere me with vnreſt.
 2809 Loꝝd *Melons* death, the one part of my ſoule,
 2810 A bzauer man did neuer liue in *Fraunce*.
 2811 The other grieve, I thats a gall in deede,
 2812 To thinke that *Douer* Caſtell ſhould hold out
 2813 Gaiſt all aſſaults, and reſt impregnable.
 2814 Per warlike race of *Francus Heſtors* ſonne,
 2815 Triumph in conqueſt of that tyꝝant *Iohn*,
 2520 2816 The better halfe of *England* is our owne,
 2817 And towards the conqueſt of the other part,
 2818 We haue the face of all the Engliſh Loꝝds,
 2819 What then remaines but ouerrun the land.
 2820 Be reſolute my warlike followers,
 2821 And if good foꝝtune ſerue as ſhe begins,
 2822 The pooꝝeſt peaſant of the Realme of *Fraunce*
 2823 Shall be a maiſter oꝝe an Engliſh Loꝝd.
 2521 2824 Enter a Meſſenger.

- 2825 *Lewes* Fellow what newes.
 2826 Meſſen. Pleaſeth your Grace, the Earle of *Salsbury*, *Pen-*
 2827 *broke*, *Effex*, *Clare*, and *Arundell*, with all the Barons that did
 2525 2828 fight foꝝ thee, are on a ſuddaine fled with all their powers, to
 2829 ioyne with *Iohn*, to dꝝiue thee back againe.
 2830 Enter another Meſſenger.
 2831 Meſſen. *Lewes* my Loꝝd why ſtandſt thou in a maze,

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Trainee. 2512

Dol. The Sun of heauen(me thought)was loth to fet; 2513
 But staid, and made the Westerne Welkin blush, 2514
 When English meafure backward their owne ground 2515
 In faint Retire : Oh brauely came we off, 2516
 When with a volley of our needlesse shot, 2517
 After fuch bloody toile, we bid good night, 2518
 And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp, 2519
 Laft in the field, and almost Lords of it. 2520

Enter a Messenger. 2521*Mef.* Where is my Prince, the Dolphin? 2522*Dol.* Heere : what newes? 2523

Mef. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The English Lords 2524
 By his perfwasion, are againe falne off, 2525

2832 Gather thy troups, hope out of help from *Fraunce*,
 2526 2833 For all thy forces being fiftie sayle,
 2834 Conteyning twenty thousand souldyers,
 2835 With victuall and munition for the warre,
 2836 Putting from *Callis* in unluckie time,
 2527 2837 Did crosse the seas, and on the *Goodwin* sands,
 2838 The men, munition, and the ships are lost.
 2839 Enter another Messenger.
 2840 *Lewes* Hope newes : say on.
 2841 *Messen.* *Iohn* (my Lord) with all his scattered troupes,
 2842 Flying the fury of your conquering sword,
 2843 As *Pharaoh* erst within the bloody sea,
 2844 So he and his enuironed with the tyde,
 2845 On *Lincolne* wathes all were ouerwhelmed,
 2846 The Barons fled, our forces cast away.
 2528 2847 *Lewes* Was euer heard such vnerspected newes :

2848 *Messenger* Yet *Lodowike* reuiue thy dying heart,
 2531 2849 King *Iohn* and all his forces are consumed.
 2850 The lesse thou needst the ayd of English Charles,
 2851 The lesse thou needst to grieve thy *James* wracke,
 2852 And follow tymes aduantage with successe.
 2853 *Lewes* Brave Frenchmen armed with magnanimitie,
 2854 March after *Lewes* who will leade you on
 2855 To chase the Barons power that wants a head,
 2856 For *Iohn* is drownd, and I am *Englands* King.
 2857 Though our munition and our men be lost,
 2858 *Phillip* of *Fraunce* will send vs fresh supplies. Exeunt.

And your supply, which you haue with'd fo long, 2526

Are cast away, and funke on *Goodwin* lands. 2527

Dol. Ah fowle, threw'd newes. Befhrew thy very 2528
I did not thinke to be fo fad to night (hart: 2529
As this hath made me. Who was he that faid 2530
King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before 2531
The flumbling night did part our wearie powres? 2532

Mef. Who euer fpoke it, it is true my Lord. 2533

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night, 2534
The day fhall not be vp fo foone as I, 2535
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt* 2536

Scena Sexta.

Enter Bastard and Hubert, feuerally. 2537

Hub. Whoe there? Speake hoa, fpeake quickly, or 2538

I shoote. 2539

Bast. A Friend. What art thou? 2540

Hub. Of the part of England. 2541

Bast. Whether doest thou go? 2542

Hub. What's that to thee? 2543

Why may not I demand of thine affaires, 2544

As well as thou of mine? 2545

Bast. Hubert, I thinke. 2546

Hub. Thou haft a perfect thought: 2547

I will vpon all hazards well beleue 2548

Thou art my friend, that know'ft my tongue fo well: 2549

Who art thou? 2550

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please 2551

Thou maift be-friend me fo much, as to thinke 2552

I come one way of the *Plantagenets*. 2553

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night, 2554

Haue done me shame: Braue Soldier, pardon me, 2555

That any accent breaking from thy tongue, 2556

Should fcape the true acquaintance of mine eare. 2557

Bast. Come, come: fans complement, What newes 2558

abroad? 2559

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night 2560

To finde you out. 2561

Bast. Brcefe then: and what's the newes? 2562

Hub. O my fweet fir, newes fitting to the night, 2563

Blacke, fearefull, comfortleffe, and horrible. 2564

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes, 2565

I am no woman, Ile not fwound at it. 2566

Hub. The King I feare is poyfon'd by a Monke, 2567

I left him almoft fpeechleffe, and broke out 2568

- 2859 Enter two Friers laying a Cloth.
 2860 *Frier* Dispatch, dispatch, the King desires to eate,
 2861 Would a might eate his last for the loue hee beares to
 2862 Churchmen.
 2863 *Frier* I am of thy minde to, and so it should be and we
 2864 might be our owne caruers.
 2865 I meruaile why they dine heere in the Orchard.
 2866 *Frier* I know not, nor I care not. The King coms.
 2867 *Iohn* Come on Lord Abbot, shall we sit together?
 2868 *Abbot* Please your Grace sit downe.
 2869 *Iohn* Take your places sirs, no pomp in penury, all beg-
 2870 gers and friends may come, where necessitie keeps the
 2871 house, curtesie is hard the table, sit downe *Phillip*.
 2872 *Bast.* My Lord, I am loth to allude so much to y^e p^rouerb
 2873 hono^rs change maners : a King is a King, though fortune do

To acquaint you with this euill, that you might 2569
 The better arme you to the sodaine time, 2570
 Then if you had at leifure knowne of this. 2571

Basf. How did he take it? Who did taste to him? 2572

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolued villaine 2573
 Whose Bowels sodainly burft out : The King 2574
 Yet speakes, and peradventure may recouer. 2575

Basf. Who didst thou leaue to tend his Maiesty? 2576

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come 2577
 backe, 2578

And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie, 2579
 At whose request the king hath pardon'd them, 2580
 And they are all about his Maiestie. 2581

Basf. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen, 2582
 And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power. 2583

Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night 2584

Pafsing these Flats, are taken by the Tide, 2585

These Lincolne-Washes haue deuoured them, 2586

My selfe, well mounted, hardly haue escap'd. 2587

Away before : Conduēt me to the king, 2588

I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt* 2589

- 2874 her woꝛst, and we as dutifull in despight of her frowne, as if
 2875 your hignesse were now in the highestt type of dignitie.
 2876 *Iohn* Come, no moꝛe ado, and you tell me much of digni-
 2877 tie, youle mar my appetite in a surfet of soꝛrow.
 2878 *What* cheere Loꝛd Abbot, me thinks you frowne like an host
 2879 that knowes his guest hath no money to pay the reckning :
 2880 *Abbot* No my Liege, if I frowne at all, it is foꝛ I feare
 2881 this cheere too homely to entertaine so mighty a guest as
 2882 your Maiesty.
 2883 *Bastard* I thinke rather my Loꝛd Abbot you remember
 2884 my last being heere, when I went in pꝛogresse foꝛ powtches,
 2885 and the rancoꝛ of his heart bꝛeakes out in his countenance,
 2886 to shew he hath not forgot me.
 2887 *Abbot* Not so my Loꝛd, you, and the meanest follower
 2888 of his maiesty, are hartely welcome to me.
 2889 *Monke* *Wastell* my Liege, and as a pooꝛe Monke may
 2890 say, welcome to Swinsted.
 2891 *Iohn* Begin Monke, and repoꝛt hereafter thou wast taster
 2892 to a King.
 2893 *Monk* As much helth to your highnes, as to my own hart.
 2894 *Iohn* I pledge thee kinde Monke.
 2895 *Monke* The meriest dꝛaught y euer was dꝛonk in *Englād*.
 2896 Am I not too bold with your Highnesse.
 2897 *Iohn* Not a whit, all friends and fellows foꝛ a time.
 2898 *Monke* If the inwards of a Toad be a compound of any
 2899 pꝛoofe : why so it woꝛks.
 2900 *Iohn* Stay *Phillip* wheres the Monke ?
 2901 *Bastard* He is dead my Loꝛd.
 2902 *Iohn* Then dꝛinke not *Phillip* foꝛ a woꝛld of wealth.
 2903 *Bast.* *What* cheere my Liege, your culloꝛ gins to change.
 2904 *Iohn* So doth my life, O *Phillip* I am poysond.
 2905 The Monke, the Deuill, the poyson gins to rage,
 2906 It will depose my selfe a King from raigne.
 2907 *Bastard* This Abbot hath an interest in this act.
 2908 At all aduentures take thou that from me.
 2909 There lye the Abbot, Abbey, Lubber, Deuill.

- 2910 March with the Monke vnto the gates of hell.
 2911 How fares my Lord !
 2912 *Iohn Phillip* some drinke, oh for the frozen Alps,
 2913 To tumble on and coole this inward heate,
 2914 That rageeth as the forname feuenfold hote.
 2915 To burne the holy tree in *Babylon*,
 2916 Power after power forsake their proper power,
 2917 Only the hart impugnes with faint resist
 2918 The sierce inuade of him that conquers kings,
 2919 Help God, O payne, dye *Iohn*, O plague
 2920 Inflicted on thee for thy grievous sinnes.
 2921 *Phillip* a chayze, and by and by a graue,
 2922 My leggs disdain the carriage of a king.
 2923 *Bastard*. A good my Lege with patience conquer grieve,
 2924 And beare this paine with kingly fortitude.
 2925 *Iohn* He thinks I see a cattalogue of sinne
 2926 Wrote by a fiend in Marble characters,
 2927 The least enough to loose my part in heauen.
 2928 He thinks the Deuill whispers in mine eares
 2929 And tels me tis in vayne to hope for grace,
 2930 I must be damnd for *Arthurs* sodaine death,
 2931 I see I see a thousand thousand men
 2932 Come to accuse me for my wrong on earth,
 2933 And there is none so mercifull a God
 2934 That will forgive the number of my sinnes.
 2935 How haue I liud, but by anothers losse ?
 2936 What haue I loud but wack of others weale ?
 2937 When haue I vowd, and not infringd mine oath ?
 2938 Where haue I done a deede deseruing well ?
 2939 How, what, when, and where, haue I bestowed a day
 2940 That tended not to some notozious ill.
 2941 My life repleat with rage and tyranie,
 2942 Craues little pittie for so strange a death.
 2943 O? who will say that *Iohn* disceasd too soone,
 2944 Who will not say he rather liud too long.
 2945 Dishonor did attaynt me in my life,

2946 And shame attendeth *Iohn* vnto his death.
 2947 Why did I scape the fury of the French,
 2948 And dyde not by the temper of their swordes :
 2949 Shamelesse my life, and shamefully it ends,
 2950 Scoꝛnd by my foes, disdained of my friends.
 2951 *Bastard* Forgiue the world and all your earthly foes,
 2952 And call on Christ, who is your latest friend.
 2953 *Iohn* My tongue doth falter : *Philip*, I tell thee man,
 2954 Since *Iohn* did yeeld vnto the Priest of *Rome*,
 2955 For he not his haue prospered on the earth :
 2956 Cursd are his blessings, and his curse is blisse.
 2957 But in the spirit I cry vnto my God,
 2958 As did the kingly Prophet *David* cry,
 2959 (Whose hands, as mine, with murder were attaint)
 2960 I am not he shall buyld the Lord a house,
 2961 Or roote these Locusts from the face of earth :
 2962 But if my dying heart deceaue me not,
 2963 From out these loynes shall spring a kingly braunch
 2964 Whose armes shall reach vnto the gates of *Rome*,
 2965 And with his feete treads downe the Strumpets pride,
 2966 That sits vpon the chaire of *Babylon*.
 2967 *Philip*, my heart strings breake, the popsons flame
 2968 hath ouercome in me weake natures power,
 2969 And in the faith of Iesu *Iohn* doth dye.
 2970 *Bastard* See how he strives for life, unhappy Lord,
 2971 Whose bowells are deuided in themselves.
 2972 This is the fruite of Poperie, when true kings
 2973 Are slaine and shouldred out by Monkes and friers.

2974 *Enter a Messenger.*

2975 *Mess.* Please it your Grace, the Barons of the Land,
 2976 Which all this while bare armes against the king,
 2977 Conducted by the Legate of the Pope,
 2978 Together with the Prince his Highnes Sonne,
 2979 Doo craue to be admitted to the presence of the king.

2980 *Bastard* Pour Sonne my Lord, yong *Henry* craues to see
 2981 Pour Maistie, and bzinges with him beside
 2982 The Barons that reuolced from your Grace.
 2983 O piercing sight, he fumbleth in the mouth,
 2984 His speech doth faile : lift vp your selfe my Lord,
 2985 And see the Prince to comfort you in death.

2590 2986 Enter *Pandulph*, yong *Henry*, the Barons with daggers
 2987 in their hands.

2591 2988 *Prince* O let me see my Father ere he dye :
 2989 O Uncle were you here, and sufferd him
 2990 To be thus poylned by a damned Ponke.
 2596 2991 Ah he is dead, Father sweete Father speake.

2992 *Bastard* His speach doth faile, he hatheth to his end.

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot. 2590

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood 2591
Is touch'd, corruptibly :and his pure braine 2592
(Which some suppose the foules fraile dwelling house) 2593
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes, 2594
Fore-tell the ending of mortality. 2595

Enter Pembroke. 2596

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speake, & holds beleefe, 2597
That being brought into the open ayre, 2598
It would allay the burning qualitie 2599
Of that fell poison which assayleth him. 2600

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere: 2601
Doth he still rage? 2602

Pem. He is more patient 2603
Then when you left him ;euen now he sung. 2604

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames 2605
In their continuance, will not feele themselues. 2606
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts 2607
Leaues them inuisible, and his feige is now 2608
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds 2609
With many legions of strange fantasies, 2610
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold, 2611
Counfound themselues. 'Tis strange y death shold sing: 2612

I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan, 2613
 Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death, 2614
 And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings 2615
 His foule and body to their lasting rest. 2616

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne 2617
 To fet a forme vpon that indigest 2618
 Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude. 2619

Iohn brought in. 2620

Iohn. I marrie, now my foule hath elbow roome, 2621
 It would not out at windowes, nor at doores, 2622
 There is so hot a summer in my bosome, 2623
 That all my bowels crumble vp to dust : 2624
 I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen 2625
 Vpon a Parchment, and against this fire 2626
 Do I shrink vp. 2627

Hen. How fares your Maiesty? 2628

Ioh. Poyson'd, ill fare : dead, forfooke, cast off, 2629
 And none of you will bid the winter come 2630
 To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw ; 2631
 Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their course 2632
 Through my burn'd bosome : nor intreat the North 2633
 To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips, 2634
 And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much, 2635
 I begge cold comfort : and you are so straight 2636
 And so ingratefull, you deny me that. 2637

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
 That might releue you. 2638
 2639

Iohn. The salt in them is hot. 2640
 Within me is a hell, and there the poyson 2641
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize, 2642
 On vnrepreeuable condemned blood. 2643

Enter Bastard. 2644

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion 2645
 And spleene of speede, to see your Maiesty. 2646

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to fet mine eye : 2647
 The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt, 2648

2993 *Pandulph* Lords, giue me leaue to ioy the dying King,
 2994 With sight of these his Nobles kneeling here
 2995 With daggers in their hands, who offer vp
 2996 Their liues for ransome of their fowle offence.
 2997 Then good my Lord, if you forgive them all,
 2998 Lift vp your hand in token you forgive.
 2999 *Salisbury* We humbly thanke your royall Maiestie,
 3000 And vow to fight for *England* and her King :
 3001 And in the sight of *Iohn* our soueraigne Lord,
 3002 In spight of *Lewes* and the power of *Fraunce*
 3003 Who hetherward are marching in all hast,
 3004 We crowne yong *Henry* in his Fathers sted.
 3005 *Henry* Help, help, he dyes, a Father, looke on me.
 3006 *Legat* K. *Iohn* farewell : in token of thy faith,
 3007 And signe thou dyest the seruant of the Lord,
 3008 Lift vp thy hand, that we may witnes here
 3009 Thou dyedst the seruant of our Sauour Christ.
 3010 Now ioy betide thy soule : what noyse is this :

3011 Enter a Messenger.

2655 3012 *Mess.* Help Lords, the Dolphin maketh hetherward
 3013 With Ensignes of defiance in the winde,
 3014 And all our armie standeth at a gaze
 3015 Expecting what their Leaders will command.

And all the shrowds wherewith my life should faile,	2649
Are turned to one thred, one little haire :	2650
My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,	2651
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,	2652
And then all this thou seeft, is but a clod,	2653
And module of confounded royalty.	2654

<i>Bast.</i> The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,	2655
Where heauen he knowes how we shall answer him.	2656
For in a night the best part of my powre,	2657
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,	2658
Were in the <i>Washes</i> all vnwarily,	2659
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.	2660
<i>Sal.</i> You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare	2661
My Liege, my Lord : but now a King, now thus.	2662
<i>Hen.</i> Euen so must I run on, and euen so stop.	2663

- 3016 *Bastard* Lets arme our selues in yong *H. Henries* right,
3017 And beate the power of *Fraunce* to sea againe.
3018 *Legat Philip* not so, but I will to the *Prince*,
3019 And bzing him face to face to parle with you.
3020 *Bastard* Lord *Salsbury*, your selfe shall march with me,
3021 So shall we bzing these troubles to an ende.
3022 *King* Sweete Anckle, if thou loue thy Soueraigne,
3023 Let not a stone of *Swinsted* Abbey stand,
3024 But pull the house about the *Friers* eares :
3025 For they haue kilde my Father and my King. Exeunt.

What surety of the world, what hope, what stay, 2664
 When this was now a King, and now is clay? 2665
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde, 2666
 To do the office for thee, of reuenge, 2667
 And then my foule shall waite on thee to heauen, 2668
 As it on earth hath bene thy seruant still. 2669
 Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right spheres, 2670
 Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths, 2671
 And instantly returne with me againe. 2672
 To push destruction, and perpetuall shame 2673
 Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land: 2674
 Straight let vs feeke, or straight we shall be fought, 2675
 The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles. 2676

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we, 2677
 The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest, 2678
 Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin, 2679
 And brings from him such offers of our peace, 2680
 As we with honor and respect may take, 2681
 With purpose presently to leaue this warre, 2682

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees 2683
 Our selues well finew'd to our defence. 2684

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already, 2685
 For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd 2686
 To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell 2687
 To the disposing of the Cardinall, 2688
 With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords, 2689
 If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast 2690
 To consummate this businesse happily. 2691

3026 A parle founded, *Lewes, Pandulph, Salisbury, &c.*

3027 *Pandulph Lewes of Fraunce, yong Henry Englands King*
 3028 Requires to know the reason of the claime
 3029 That thou canst make to any thing of his.
 3030 King *Iohn* that did offend is dead and gone,
 3031 See where his breathles trunk in presence lyes,
 3032 And he as heire apparant to the crowne
 3033 Is now succeeded in his Fathers roome.
 3034 *Henry Lewes*, what law of Armes doth lead thee thus,
 3035 To keepe possession of my lawfull right?
 3036 Answer in fine if thou wilt take a peace,
 3037 And make surrender of my right againe,
 3038 Or trie thy title with the dint of sword?
 3039 I tell thee *Dolphin*, *Henry* feares thee not,
 3040 For now the Barons cleave vnto their King,
 3041 And what thou hast in *England* they did get.
 3042 *Lewes Henry of England*, now that *Iohn* is dead
 3043 That was the chiefest enemy to *Fraunce*,
 3044 I may the rather be inducde to peace.
 3045 But *Salisbury*, and you Barons of the Realme.
 3046 This strange reuolt agrees not with the oath
 3047 That you on *Bury Altare* lately sware.
 3048 *Salisbury* For did the oath your Highnes theredid take
 3049 Agree with honour of the Prince of *Fraunce*.
 3050 *Bastard* By Lord, what answer make you to the King.
 3051 *Dolphin* Faith *Philip* this I say: It bootes not me,
 3052 For any Prince, nor power of Christendome
 3053 To seeke to win this Island *Albion*,
 3054 Unless he haue a partie in the Realme
 3055 By treason for to help him in his warres.
 3056 The Parties which were the partie on my side,
 3057 Are fled from me: then bootes not me to fight,
 3058 But on conditions, as mine honour wills,
 3059 I am contented to depart the Realme.
 3060 *Henry* On what conditions will your Highnes yeeld:

3061 *Lewes* That shall we thinke vpon by moze aduice.
 3062 *Bastard* Then Kings & Princes, let these bzouls haue end,
 3063 And at moze leasure talke vpon the League.

2695 3064 Meane while to *Worster* let vs beare the King,
 3065 And there interre his bodie, as befermes.

3066 But first, in sight of *Lewes* heire of *Fraunce*,
 3067 Lords take the crowne, and set it on his head,
 3068 That by succession is our lawfull King.

3069 They crowne yong Henry.

3070 Thus *Englands* peace begins in *Henryes* Raigne,
 3071 And bloody warres are closde with happie league.
 3072 Let *England* liue but true within it selfe,
 3073 And all the world can neuer wrong her State.
 3074 *Lewes*, thou shalt be brauely shipt to *France*,
 3075 For neuer Frenchman got of English ground
 3076 The twentieth part that thou hast conquered.
 3077 Dolphin thy hand, to *Worster* we will march,
 3078 Lords all lay hands to beare your Soueraigne
 3079 With obsequies of honoz to his graue :

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince, 2692
 With other Princes that may best be spar'd, 2693
 Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall. 2694

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd, 2695
 For so he will'd it. 2696

Bast. Thither shall it then, 2697

And happily may your sweet selfe put on 2698
 The lineall state, and glorie of the Land, 2699
 To whom with all submission on my knee, 2700
 I do bequeath my faithfull seruices 2701
 And true subiection euerlastingly. 2702

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make 2703
 To rest without a spot for euermore. 2704

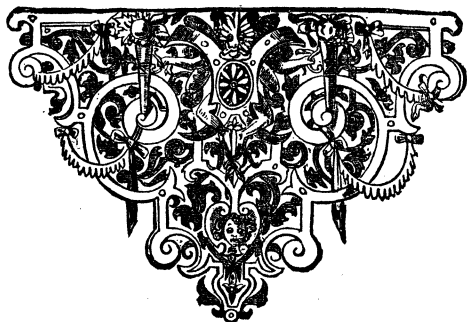
Hen. I haue a kinde foule, that would giue thanks, 2705
 And knowes not how to do it, but with teares. 2706

Bast. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe, 2707
 Since it hath beene before hand with our greefes. 2708

This England neuer did, nor neuer shall 2709
 Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror, 2710
 But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe. 2711
 Now, these her Princes are come home againe, 2712

2714 3080 If *Englands* Peeres and people ioyne in one,
2715 3081 Nor Pope, nor *Fraunce*, nor *Spaine* can doo them wrong.

FINIS.



Come the three corners of the world in Armes, 2713
And we shall shooke them : Naught shall make vs rue, 2714
If England to it felfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt.* 2715

FINIS.



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN.
COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE 1591 QUARTO OF THE TROUBLESOME RAIGNE
OF JOHN KING OF ENGLAND.

SIGNATURE.	THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE.	
	AT QUARTO LINE.	AT FOLIO LINE.
A 2	12	None corresponding.
A 3	39	" "
A 3 (v.) or blank.	111	" "
B	183	" "
B 2	225	" "
B 3	327	" "
B 3 (v.) or blank.	399	" "
C	469	" "
C 2	541	" "
C 3	613	" "
C 3 (v.) or blank.	683	" "
D	751	676
D 2	823	None corresponding.
D 3	894	" "
D 3 (v.) or blank.	964	" "
E	1034	1097
E 2	1103	None corresponding.
E 3	1170	" "
E 3 (v.) or blank.	1238	" "
F	1308	" "
F 2	1380	" "
F 3	1446	" "
F 3 (v.) or blank.	1518	1702
G	1587	None corresponding.
G 2	1689	" "
G 3	1725	" "
G 3 (v.) or blank.	1796	" "
(SECOND PART.)		
A 2	1838	None corresponding.
A 3	1864	" "
A 3 (v.) or blank.	1933	" "
B	2003	" "
B 2	2073	" "
B 3	2143	" "
B 3 (v.) or blank.	2210	" "
C	2282	" "
C 2	2353	" "
C 3	2423	" "
C 3 (v.) or blank.	2492	" "
D	2557	" "
D 2	2627	" "
D 3	2698	" "
D 3 (v.) or blank.	2769	" "
E	2841	" "
E 2	2914	" "
E 3	2984	" "
E 3 (v.) or blank.	3050	" "

COLLATION OF THE BANKSIDE SHAKESPEARE WITH
THE FIRST FOLIO.

FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.			BANKSIDE LINE.	FIRST FOLIO COLUMN.			BANKSIDE LINE.
1st column, page	1		48	1st column, page	12		1436
2d " "	1		96	2d " "	12		1502
1st " "	2		162	1st " "	13		1563
2d " "	2		227	2d " "	13		1624
1st " "	3		290	1st " "	14		1690
2d " "	3		350	2d " "	14		1749
1st " "	4		413	1st " "	15		1815
2d " "	4		479	2d " "	15		1881
1st " "	5		544	1st " "	16		1947
2d " "	5		611	2d " "	16		2006
1st " "	6		675	1st " "	17		2072
2d " "	6		741	2d " "	17		2138
1st " "	7		807	1st " "	18		2198
2d " "	7		873	2d " "	18		2256
1st " "	8		932	1st " "	19		2322
2d " "	8		995	2d " "	19		2388
1st " "	9		1056	1st " "	20		2447
2d " "	9		1122	2d " "	20		2508
1st " "	10		1188	1st " "	21		2560
2d " "	10		1253	2d " "	21		2621
1st " "	11		1311	1st " "	22		2668
2d " "	11		1375	2d " "	22		2715

7/4

